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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1,25 Per Year

VOL. XLV — SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1908. — NO. 20

BACKUS PIN SETTER CO. RESUMES.

Made Contract With The Brunswick-Balke Collander Company.

ARE BEING MANUFACTURED HERE.

All Suits Have Been Settled and Holmes & Gilfillan Will Have Exclusive Manufacture of the Machines—Good Industry.

At last the long drawn out suits between the Backus Pin Setter Company of Smethport and The Brunswick Balke Collender Company, the largest dealers in bowling alley supplies in the United States, have all been settled by amicable agreement and the Backus Pin Setter Co. is making preparations to run its factory to its full capacity; and expects to enjoy a larger sale of their pin setters than ever before.

The deal which was closed in Chicago last Friday takes the form of a contract whereby The Brunswick company becomes the exclusive selling agency for the Backus company in the United States and Canada and the Backus company is the exclusive manufacturer of all the pin setters or spotters sold by the Brunswick company.

The suit withdrawn and settled, comprise the numerous actions and counter actions brought by these warring companies for infringement on the patents owned by both concerns, and as the Brunswick company owns about the best pin setters of any value, outside of those owned by J. Clayton Backus of this place, the deal will give all parties concerned a clear field in the future, and judging from the sale of the Backus pin setters before they were stopped by injunction about a year ago, they should have an enormous business.

It is an undoubtable fact that the Backus pin setter is the only machine of its kind that ever did the work in an entirely satisfactory manner and it will be welcome news to the bowling fraternity of the country to learn that they are again on the market.

Messrs. Backus, Holmes and Gilfillan have made a hard fight to preserve their rights and their many friends will not only be pleased to learn that they have made a satisfactory settlement, but that Smethport will be the home of the factory, which will undoubtedly prove a big help to the town.

Outrageous Assault.

Mary McFarland, about 50 years old, a working woman, was going up Barbour street last night at 11 o'clock, when two young ruffians caught her and by their combined strength took her down the track some distance toward Washington street, to a lonely locality where she was subjected to outrageous ill treatment.

The woman was choked and beaten in a most shocking manner. Captain Foust and Officer Mooney, who happened to be passing on the opposite side of the creek, heard the woman's groans and went to her assistance. The two assailants ran away. Officer Mooney caught one of them, who was locked up. He gave the name of John Simons. Teddy Draper, who claims to have been merely a spectator to the scene, was arrested as a suspect. Simons implicates Draper.

The woman was nearly in a state of collapse as a result of her struggles. Her neck was swollen from the choking she had received and she was otherwise injured.—Monday's Bradford Era.

On Tuesday evening John Simons and William Mayburg were given a hearing before Alderman Williams on the charge of assault with intent to commit rape. After considerable evidence was heard both of the young men above named were held for court and in default of $1000 bail each, were brought to Smethport and lodged in jail yesterday morning.

Smallest Baby Ever.

Dr. A. J. Colborn, who lives near Connellsville, has furnished an affidavit with the story of the smallest baby ever born alive and healthy in western Pennsylvania—a one and three-quarters-pound mite—which arrived Sunday at the home of George Hertzog, at Morrell, Pa.

The baby is a girl, the second one born to Mr. and Mrs. Hertzog. The first was a boy weighing two and one-half pounds at birth. Now at 23 months it is as lusty as the ordinary child.

Its newly arrived sister, which came Sunday morning of last week, is fully developed, and while not at all lusty, will live. The father is a carpenter. The mother is a woman of medium build.

Spring Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

Death of Mrs. Lenora Martin.

When word was received last Thursday of the death of Lenora Martin at Los Angeles, Cal., it seemed too sad to be true, but we must abide by the inevitable. Her relatives had been receiving unfavorable reports from her friends there for some time, but hoped for her ultimate recovery.

Lenora M. Roeder was born in Tatona, now Clermont, in 1844, and was the oldest child of the late Phillip and Julia Roeder. At the age of seven years she was taken into the family of the late Nathaniel Robins of Colegrove, where she made her home until her marriage to Peter Martin in 1869, after which they lived in Sergeant township until Mr. Martin's death in 1888. Two children were born to them, but only the youngest one is living, Bertha, of Glendora, Cal., the others all died young.

After Mr. Martin's death she sold her property there and moved to Farmers Valley where she and her little daughter made their home with her youngest sister, Miss Emma Roeder. Some seven years ago they went to Southern California and had since resided in Glendora, where they won the love of many, who as well as their numerous friends here, will long mourn her departure from this life.

Last January her sister was taken with typhoid fever, from the effects of which she died on March 11th. Her sickness and death was a severe strain on Mrs. Martin, and her friends soon saw her health was in a dangerous condition and a kind friend from San Pedro persuaded her to go home with her, thinking the change would do her good, but the patient, weary heart that had known so much pain, could bear no more and she was taken to a hospital at Los Angeles where she passed away on May 1st.

Hers was that pure, Christian quality that would scarce dream wrong in either thought or deed. The writer has known her all her life and never met with a purer character or a truer emblem of God's perfect creature. And while we realize there is much rest and gain for her in Heaven and we are thankful, thrice thankful, for the blessed memories of one so good and true.

Besides her daughter, she leaves one sister, Mrs. Gustie Moody of Coryville, and one brother, Henry W. Roeder of Farmers Valley, who have the sympathy of all in their bereavement.

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Another Veteran Gone to Rest.

George T. Otto, in his 70th year of age, died at his home in Farmers Valley Friday afternoon, May 8, 1908, at 2 o'clock.

Mr. Otto enlisted in the U. S. Service at Keating, Pa., August 18, 1862, in Company G, 150 Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, under Captain Horatio Bell and Colonel Landhorne Wister, to serve three years. The regiment was assigned to the 3rd. Brigade, 5th Corps, Army of the Potomac. Mr. Otto participated in engagements at 2nd Bull Run, Harper's Ferry, Antietam, Fredricksburg, Chancellorsville, Winchester, Gettysburg, Manassas Gap, Wine Run, Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Bermuda Hundred, North Anna, Petersburg, Weldam R. R., Hatcher's Run, and Dabney's Mill. The regiment was then ordered to Elmira where it performed guard duty at the prison camp. Mr. Otto was honorably discharged June 23, 1865.

He was a loving husband and a kind and indulgent father, a good neighbor and will be sadly missed by all who knew him. He leaves to mourn his death a widow and four children, Mrs. Lottie George of Angie Sea, Mrs. Jennie Hemminger of Roulette, Mrs. Lulu Doyle of Port Allegany and Wm. Otto whose whereabouts is unknown. He also leaves one step-daughter, Mrs. Lena Spencer of Hazelhurst, one brother, Henry D. Otto, and one sister, Mrs. Charity Kent of Marietta, Ohio.

The funeral services were held at the church at Farmers Valley Sunday at 2 o'clock, Rev. Jerome Smith of the United Brethern church officiating. The remains were laid at rest in Smith's cemetery.

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Kept Alive by Squeezing Heart.

A dispatch from Hartford, Conn., says: Just at the crucial point of a delicate operation on the lungs on Nuncio Chial at St. Francis Hospital this afternoon when it seemed that the tiny spark of life had flickered out and that the body on the operating table had ceased to breathe, Dr. D. E. Sullivan, who was wielding the scalpel, reached through the incision to the heart which was plainly seen and gently squeezed it once or twice. Again the man's respiration began and the cutting away of the diseased organs was continued until the heart pulsations were dying out.

Once more Dr. Sullivan softly grasped the almost stilled heart and with several well timed squeezes started life anew, this time long enough to finish the operation and close the incision.

Chial will live, the attending physicians declare to-night, and will owe his existence to the nerve and daring initiative of Dr. Sullivan.

Phonographs on easy payments. Palace Pharmacy. Burg Chadwick, Prop.

HORRIBLE MURDERS UNEARTHED.

Laporte, Ind., Woman Had Mania for Killing.

FOURTEEN BODIES DISCOVERED.

Most of Bodies Dug from Cellar—Mrs. Guinness Thought to Have Perished in Flames Which Destroyed Her House.

A series of murders which covers several years past has been unearted near Laporte, Ind., which is proving to be one of the worst in the history of the United States. Up to the present time there have been fourteen bodies found all of which are supposed to have been victims of well planned murders.

The scene of these terrible crimes is the farm of Mrs. Belle Guinness, who with her three children, was burned to death in her home which was destroyed by fire on April 28th. An investigation after the fire brought to light the remains of several bodies, which aroused the suspicions of the authorities, and for the past eight or nine days men have been at work digging up the farm. Their efforts have been rewarded by the finding of ten bodies, all of whom are supposed to represent a murder.

Mrs. Guinness advertised for a husband, requiring men with money to answer in person, and those who visited this woman were killed for the money they possessed and their bodies dismembered and buried in the cellar, or orchard, or garden, or barn yard. One man has been found who escaped from this charnel house and he tells a very thrilling story of his escape. One or two of the bodies found are supposed to be those of women, the explanation of which is that Mrs. Guinness also acted as a receiver of bodies for murderers in Chicago in connection with her other business. This theory is substantiated by the finding of trunks shipped from that city which bore evidence of having carried dead bodies.

For several days after the terrible discovery it was thought that Mrs. Guinness was not consumed in the fire and the country was being scoured to find her. A woman supposed to be her was arrested on a train at Syracuse, N. Y., who afterwards proved to be Mrs. L. A. Herron of Chicago, who had been visiting in Franklin, Pa., and was on her way to New York City in company with her mother. The authorities have later come to the conclusion that Mrs. Guinness was one of the victims.

Aside from the bodies unearthed the two husbands of this woman died under suspicious circumstances and now the authorities of Laporte county are almost certain that she killed them for their insurance. This makes a total of twelve victims laid to her and if she set fire to the house she has caused the death of sixteen persons, including herself, if she really is dead.

Roy Lamphere, a man who was in Mrs. Guinness' employ, is under arrest charged with setting the fire and being implicated in some of the murders. Lamphere has refused to make any statement in relation to the matter but the prosecuting attorney claims to have sufficient evidence against him to convict this man of murder in the first degree.

Death of John B. Lee.

John B. Lee died at the family home in Hazelhurst Wednesday, May 6th, of heart trouble from which he had suffered for some time.

The deceased was a native of England and came to this country in 1846, when but 5 years of age. On January 6th, 1872, he was united in marriage with Miss Anna Kendrick at Covington, Pa., and together they established a home at Fall Brook, Pa., where the husband followed the occupation of miner. Sometime after their marriage they moved to the state of Indiana where they remained for a short period, and in 1875 located at Clermont, this county; after five years they moved from there to Union county, Pa., and from there to Covington, and in turn to Fall Brook, and Morris Run, thence again to Clermont, and about 10 years ago to Hazelhurst, where they have since resided.

The deceased is survived by his widow and four children: Mrs. John Latshaw of Elyria, Ohio, William Lee of Homer City, Ind., James Lee of Seattle, Wash., and Samuel J. Lee of Hazelhurst.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

A large delegation of Odd Fellows from this place were in attendance at the funeral services which were held at M. E. church of Hazelhurst at 2 p. m. Sunday, after which the remains were brought to Smethport on a special P., S. & N. train and interred in Rose Hill cemetery. He was a member of Smethport Lodge and Clermont Encampment.

Chestnut Fence Posts for Sale.

Second-growth chestnut fence posts at 12 cents each. Apply to James Quirk.

Strange Stories.

Some of our exchanges are publishing strange stories of late that are pretty hard to believe under ordinary circumstances. But this has been a peculiar spring and that may account for the unusual things that are apparently happening in some of our neighboring towns. Here is one from the Potter Democrat that we will have so swallow because it comes from John Mundy, that well-known disciple of truth and veracity:

"Charles Welling and Landlord M. F. McCarthy have purchased from a man in Tioga county a three-year-old 800-pound bear and its companion a dog, and the animals will soon be brought to this place.

"When the bear was a cub the dog was a puppy and they grew up together. Apparently they are very fond of each other and cannot be separated without causing each of them a great deal of anguish. Every night when they to dreamland go the dog curls up in the arms of brain, and with his head resting on one of the good sized legs of the bear the dog passes into that state where he dreams of happy hunting days—and fleas.

"This may sound like a fairy tale, but it is not, as the Democrat has been assured by the purchasers of the animals. It is doggedly bear facts."

This one comes from the Emporium Press, and the editor hopes to be blown up in the next powder mill explosion if it is not the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth:

"Michael O'Leary of the West Ward owns a cat that he prizes very highly. The animal has been missing for some time, and last week "Mickey" made a thorough search of his premises and to his surprise found the cat on a nest of eleven hens eggs. Last Saturday she hatched out eight nice chickens, which Mr. O'Leary has placed on exhibition at his home, and will be pleased to show any who may doubt the veracity of his statement. The only cause assigned for this new departure, is to get even with the beef trust. "Mickey" has not yet decided what to call this breed. All who wish to see these chickens are requested to call evenings."

Emery's Seat Will be Contested.

A dispatch from Washington, D. C., dated May 11, says: The initial steps looking to a contest of the seat of Lewis Emery, Jr., who was elected a delegate to the Republican National convention from the 21st Pennsylvania district, have already been taken, and the supporters of Senator Knox say they will use every effort to prevent him from securing a seat in the convention. Emery has announced his intention of voting for Secretary Taft.

Representative James F. Burke of Pittsburg has communicated with Col. W. R. Andrews, chairman of the Pennsylvania State Committee, and with other leading Republicans of the State with a view to instituting the contest against Emery. Extracts from Emery's speeches in the gubernatorial campaign of 1906, a chronological resume of his political career, copies of the Democratic platform adopted by the convention which nominated him for Governor and other documents bearing upon the question, Mr. Burke says, will be filed as evidence before the Republican National committee.

Representative Burke, in discussing the matter last night said:

"This is not an ordinary contest, but one in which the whole Republican party of the country is interested from the standpoint of sustaining regularity and doubly so with reference to the unswerving loyalty of men to the Republican side of the national issues."

The Taft managers are using the Emery incident in their efforts to advance Taft's boom and much interest has been aroused, in it. Senator Knox makes no comment on the subject, but his campaigners are making no secret of the annoyance they feel over the Bradford oil millionaire's declaration of principles.

To the Patrons of the Smethport Water Co.

Would call your attention to the fact that although both reservoirs are full and overflowing, and under these circumstances there should, with proper use of water, be a pressure of from 65 to 70 pounds per square inch, but owing to the unnecessary waste of water, the pressure is often down to 50 pound or less.

This reduction of pressure will not only cause serious loss in case of fire, but will give poor service to patrons at the higher points of the system.

Would therefore ask you to carefully examine your water connections and faucets, and in case of any leakage to promptly repair the same, and keep all faucets closed except when necessary to use the water.

Would also ask you to report to the secretary, Bernard Garlick, any leak or leaks which may be discovered in the main or branch lines of the Water Co.

By complying with these requests, we will have an adequate fire protection, and will have sufficient water to last through all seasons of drouth.

SHERIDAN GORTON, President.

Wanted.

Young or middle-aged woman to assist in house work. Good wages to right party. G. W. Johnson, Kushequa, Pa., Supt. Mt. J., K. & R. R. R. Co.

Subscribe for the MINER.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

(Continued from last week.)

E. V. Chadwick was a son of Jeremiah Chadwick of this place. He was born in Smethport on the 26th day of May, 1845, and grew here to manhood. On the 31st day of December, 1861, he enlisted in Co. F. of the Bucktail Regiment, and served under General Kane all through the war. He was wounded at Charles City Cross Roads, June 30, 1862, and was shot through the body at Gettysburg on July 3rd 1863. He was laid up some time after this, but finally recovered sufficiently to return to the regiment. He was mustered out of service on the 31st day of December, 1864. After being mustered out he returned to Smethport where he continued to reside until about two years ago, when he bought the hotel property lot at Larrabee, belonging to Frank Vickery, and built the hotel on it in which he was living at the time of his death. When his uncle's remains were brought back to Larrabe on the gravel train he assisted in getting them into his house and took charge of them until they left the house for Farmers Valley. He then went into his house and laid down on a lounge. After lying there a few minutes he remarked to his wife that he would go to bed. He did so and had hardly laid down before he gasped a couple of times and breathed his last. Ev. Chadwick was a man of many noble impulses. If he was a friend to a man he was a friend for ever. He detested treachery and scorned deceit. He leaves troops of friends besides a wife, two daughters and his son, Dr. Burg Chadwick, of this place, to mourn his sudden taking off. He was one of the charter members of McKean Post, No. 347, but when he moved to Larrabe he took his card for the purpose of joining the Eldred Post, but he had not done so at the date of his death. He was buried in Rose Hill cemetery, in this place on Thursday noon under the service had down by the Grand Army of the Republic, and was in charge of Post 348. Short services were held at Larrabe and were continued by Rev. Chanller of this place. A large number of comrades and friends followed his remains to the grave.

On Thursday January 8, 1859, Lewis, the three-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Crumble, of Colegrove, swallowed a cartridge, and though medical aid was immediately summoned, the child was taken with gripping pains and died on Sunday.

Joseph Husted, an employe of Whalen's mill, near Farmers Valley, met with a painful accident Tuesday, January 15, 1889, that it is feared may cost him his life. While attending to his duties in loading lumber, he by some means fell under a loaded wagon, on which there was about 1300 feet of green boards, and—was run over, the hind wheel passing over his hips. The injured man was removed to a neighboring house where he was made as comfortable as possible. Dr. Freeman of this borough was sent for and promptly responded to the call. Upon examination it was found that both thighs were fractured by the load, and it is thought that he was also injured internally.

In the fall of 1832 or 1833, a rather romantic marriage was consummated in this northern tier of counties in the good old Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, that the lapse of nearly sixty years will hardly fail to rob of whatever romance was then thrown around the transaction though at the time very little of romantic feelings existed among the participators. The contracting parties were Mr. Hyde Rice, son of Mr. and Mrs. Justice Rice, a venerable patriarch and clergyman of Ceres township, in McKean county, now Eldred township, and Miss Angeline, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allen Rice, then residing at the Salt Works, in Cameron county, about the very spot where now is located the celebrated Sizerville springs. Mr. Rice had moved to this locality not a long time previous, and with a partner was engaged in boring for salt, which was found, but the water was not impregnated with a sufficient percentage of saline matter to make the enterprise a profitable one, and therefore abandoned; but for many years afterwards farmers in near proximity to the works were in the the habit of going there and manufacturing salt for their own consumption. Finally the works went to decay and were only visited by some hunter, fisherman or other person who sought the spot out of the curiosity, and by herds of deer were at that time so plentiful in this region. The particulars of the marriage about to be related, the writer obtained from a lady who was an intimate friend of the bride and bridegroom, and who was one of the invited guests. The number of gentlemen and ladies forming the party was about seventeen, equally divided as to sex, and of the number were two clergymen. The wedding guests were met at Smethport, remaining there over night, and from thence proceeded in the early morning by carriage up Potato creek to a point now called Colegrove, and there partook of a refreshing breakfast at the hospitable farm house of Daniel Rifle. From this place to the residence of the bride, at the Salt Works, was about twelve miles, and only a pathway made through the woods the entire distance, by the cutting out of brush and the lopping of limbs of the trees that obstructed the passage of horses, for no vehicle could by any means have made the journey. Through the kindness and help of Messrs. Rifle and Colegrove saddles were provided for all of the ladies and some of the gentlemen, the remainder making their way on foot. This twelve mile journey was a merry one; the ringing laughter of the ladies with the occasional happy shouts of the gentlemen as some interesting matter attracted their attention, added much to the scene. At one point a noble monarch of the forest, with wide spreading horns, would spring suddenly from his lair, and with a bound and a snort depart for the thick pines and hemlocks; at another point a fox; a squirrel or a rabbit would be driven from their retreat seemingly indignant at being disturbed. The lady from whom our information was obtained being mounted on a spirited colt was challenged by one of the gentlemen for a race. The challenge was accepted, and the lady arrived at the destination of the party full half a mile ahead of all purspers. The home of the bride was reached at 1 p. m., and the marriage ceremony immediately followed. The wedding supper was all that an epicure could have desired. Roast pig, turkey, chickens, mince and apple pies, cakes, coffee, tea, etc., garnished the table, which it is needless to say proved satisfactory to every guest. In the morning the breakfast consisted of fresh venison steak, coffee and trout that were so plentiful in those early times. After the jollifications of the evening, usual to wedding parties, had passed away the guests retired, but not before Mr. Rice, telling them to arise about daylight in the morning and he would show them a sight that would be worth a journey of a hundred miles to witness, and which they would never forget. They promised to do so and quietness settled down in the Rice mansion. In the morning after enjoying a most refreshing sleep, during which they dreamed of wedding bells, etc., most of the guests were promptly on hand for the promised exhibition. The worthy host led them a few rods from the house, and pointed to a hillside some forty rods distant when their wondering eyes beheld a flock of deer, over twenty in number. The animals were quietly feeding, but making their way to the salt waters. The sight was indeed a grand one. Mr. Rice would not as long as he occupied the premises allow the deer to be slain there, but he would shoulder his rifle and go miles away before accomplishing his purpose. But times soon changed, and with the change this noble game "grows smaller by degrees and beautifully less," and now where once might have been seen hundreds in a given space of time, not a single deer can be found. Mr. Rice did not remain at the "works" long after the marriage of his daughter but with his family removed to Cincinnati, or in that neighborhood, and became actively engaged in the lumber business. The return trip to the "Salt Works" was made without any occurrance to mar the pleasure of the occasion. Most of the guests separated at Eldred, from whence they embarked, and probably to-day there are but few living who remember the time, when under such romantic circumstances, two willing hearts were united in that silken tie which only death should unravel.

Resolutions.

At a regular meeting of Clermont Lodge, No. 949, I. O. O. F., held May 9, 1908, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased the Supreme Ruler of the universe to remove from our lodge our late brother, James Hamilton, and

Whereas, The relations long held by our deceased brother with the members of the lodge render it proper that we should place on record our appreciation for his services as a brother member, therefore be it

Resolved by Clermont Lodge, No. 949, I. O. O. F., that while we bow with humble submission to the will of the Most High, we do not the less mourn for our brother who has been called from his labors to rest.

Resolved, That in the death of Brother James Hamilton the lodge loses a member who was always ready to succor the needy and distressed of the fraternity; whose virtues endeared him not only to the brethren of the order but to all of his fellow citizens.

Resolved, That this lodge tender its heartfelt sympathy to the family of our deceased brother in this their sad affliction.

Resolved, That the charter of this lodge be draped in mourning for thirty days, and that these resolutions be entered on the minutes of the lodge and a copy sent to the bereaved family.

JACOB AMEND,
S. J. MCKENDRICK,
AARON HELLMAN,
Committee on Resolutions.

Some Ducats and a Daughter.

By HOWARD FIELDING.

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WHEN Alfred Southerland, broker of State street, Boston, discovered that he had been robbed, he put the case in the hands of Edgar Dunton. The latter had been a member of the Massachusetts detective force that used to be called the state police, but had resigned and set up in business for himself.

Securities valued at about $30,000 were missing from one of the safes in Southerland's office. There was nothing to show when they had been taken, but they had not all been abstracted at the same time. It was probable that the safe had been "visited" on four or five occasions. There had been no breaking of locks or drilling of holes. This fact put four men under suspicion, but Dunton's investigation speedily cleared two of them. The others were Mr. Bland, the cashier, and Mr. Packard, his assistant. Both were past fifty, of excellent reputation, quite clear of debt or speculative entanglement and altogether the most unlikely men for such a deed that could well be imagined. Moreover, it was Mr. Packard who had discovered the theft. He had immediately reported it to Mr. Bland, and the two of them had laid the matter before Mr. Southerland. Yet one or the other of these men or Mr. Southerland himself must have taken the securities from the safe, if the thing had been done at all.

Now, there could be no doubt that the securities were missing, and if they had not been taken from the safe it must be because they had never been in it. Could this be possible?

Mr. Southerland had been out of health. For several months he had been under a doctor's orders to take rides every day, and he had been spending two or three days each week at his country place in Marblehead. There is an old, however, for the invalid instead of riding out on foot, as the law had permitted the doctor, he had conducted many important negotiations, and he admitted, in response to Dunton's questions, that all the missing securities had been delivered to him at his home in Marblehead and brought to the city by him.

There was a young man named Reginald Varney, who had an office for stenography and typewriting in the same building with Southerland & Co. He had done some work for Mr. Southerland in a notably satisfactory manner and had made a favorable impression personally, being a handsome fellow of exceptionally good address. Thus it fell out that when Mr. Southerland found himself in need of a secretary at his Marblehead house he had employed Varney.

It was physically possible that this young man might be the culprit in the case. He would have been in a position to know of the delivery of bonds and other securities to Mr. Southerland at the country place and to have abstracted some of them from the satchel in which the broker was accustomed to carry them to Boston.

"YOU'LL WASTE YOUR TIME ON THE VARNEY THEORY."

Varney had not lived in Boston very long. He was supposed to have come from New York, wherefore Detective Dunton communicated with a professional brother in the metropolis, by whom Varney's record was hastily investigated. It appeared that he had left New York under a cloud, having been summarily discharged from a position in a broker's office.

Coincidently with the receipt of this report one of the stolen bonds turned up in New York. It had been cleverly negotiated by means of a trick in which a messenger boy had played the most conspicuous role, a perfectly innocent agent, of course. The real trickster had got away with the sale price of the bond, a little more than a thousand dollars.

Could Varney have made a flying trip to New York for this purpose? In order to answer this question the detective decided to ask the young man a few questions, though he had hitherto avoided meeting him. In fact, Dunton had not visited the Marblehead residence, but had depended upon a veiled questioning of Southerland for such information as he desired. At this stage of the case, however, a personal investigation seemed necessary, and he accordingly paid a visit to the broker in his summer home.

Up to this point Dunton had not disclosed his theory of the robbery, and now, when he told Southerland of his suspicions, he was amazed to learn that Varney had been dismissed from Southerland's employ suddenly about ten days before and that nothing was known of him since that time. Why had he been discharged? A personal difference; he had been disrespectful.

"You'll waste your time if you work on the Varney theory," said the broker. "I advise you to leave him out of it."

Dunton returned to Boston and endeavored to locate Varney at the young man's office, where two or three assistants were carrying on the business, but he learned that Varney was seldom there, and his home address could not be obtained. In view of this situation the detective decided to take up the clews in New York, including Varney's record there.

Accordingly Dunton telegraphed his professional brother in the metropolis that he would be in that city at 5 o'clock on the following afternoon, and he received a reply directing him to go to a certain address, engage a room and expect a call at 6 o'clock. The address was not far from the Grand Central station, where Dunton's train set him down a little after 3, and a few minutes later he had engaged what is called a "back parlor in a very ordinary boarding house.

There was time for a bit of work before the hour of the appointment, and Dunton did not linger in his new quarters. As he approached the street door on his way out a key was thrust into the lock from the other side. The form of a woman was dimly visible through the ground glass panel, and Dunton, who was in no hurry to encounter any of the other lodgers, halted sharply, but before he could begin a retreat the door swung open and the woman entered. Dunton noticed in the first instant that she was young and strikingly attractive, that she was smartly dressed and that she was heavily veiled, but at the moment of entering the hall she lifted up the veil to the brim of her hat.

She stopped short and looked at Dunton, who stood there with his back to the door, with a gasp of surprise.

"So," said she, "you've caught me," and with that she fell at his feet in a profound swoon.

For some minutes the natural human impulse to give aid was stronger in Dunton than all other feelings. Amazement was forced to the background of his consciousness, while captured curiosity came to the front, not that he had any time for such reflections as would have been appropriate to his calling. Whom had he caught? What had this beautiful girl been guilty of that she should faint at the sight of a detective? How did she know who Dunton was? He would have staked his life that he had never seen her. Did she mistake him for somebody else? No; there was perfect recognition in her glance.

Assisted or at least accompanied by the landlady, who had heard the sound of the fall, Dunton carried the unconscious girl into the room which he had just engaged and laid her upon the couch. Then he summoned a physician from an adjoining house. Meanwhile he had learned only that the girl had taken a room in the house that morning and given the name of Mary Stone. A little later, however, when the doctor had taken charge of the case upon the medical side, Dunton was able to give his undivided attention to that aspect of it which appertained to his own profession. Miss Stone had carried a small black shopping bag, and it had fallen upon the floor of the hall. Dunton thought himself privileged to examine its contents, and the first thing he found was a roll of bills amounting to almost a thousand dollars. Delving deeper, he came upon a small loose memorandum book, which bore upon its first page the name of Mildred Southerland.

Dunton was aware that Mr. Southerland had a daughter named Mildred, but he had not seen her on his single visit to Marblehead. It was clear, however, that she must have seen him and known his errand. Meeting him thus after her flight from home, how could she doubt that he had pursued and passed her and, having learned her destination, had awaited her there?

"This is a very bad business," said the detective to himself, "and it's up to me to see that it gets no worse."

Miss Southerland had been carried into Dunton's room because the one which she had engaged was up two flights of stairs. Dunton had learned from the landlady, and he knew also that the girl had brought a small trunk with her. To get into this room and to open the trunk cost only the use of picking two easy locks, and the result amply justified the exertion. In the trunk there was a sealed packet, and in the packet were all the stolen securities except the one bond that had been sold.

When this investigation was completed Dunton returned to the lower hall, where he awaited the appearance of the doctor.

"The young lady will do very well now," said that gentleman. "You are a friend?"—

"A friend of the family," said the detective.

"She seems to have been laboring under a severe nervous strain," continued the doctor. "I understand that she desires to see you."

Dunton knocked on the door of the back parlor and was invited to enter. He found Miss Southerland reclining in an easy chair and seemingly not much the worse for her experience. The extraordinarily beauty and seeming innocence of the girl knocked hard upon the detective's heart.

"Here is your shopping bag," said he. "It contains a little book with your name."

"My name," she repeated. "Yes."

"I think we ought to take the 5 o'clock train back to Boston," said Dunton. "Do you wish to say anything to me before we start?"

"What can I say?"

"Why did you rob your father?"

The girl stared at him, her eyes growing larger and brighter. She rose slowly, and as she did so she pulled open the little black bag.

"Do you mean to tell me," she cried, "that my father mentioned this paltry money—that he thought of these miserable dollars? My ducats and my daughter! Here, take it back to him!"

She snatched the money out of the bag and flung it against Dunton's breast. The heavy roll of bills seemed to burst like a bomb, and the air was full of the national currency.

"I ventured to suppose," said the girl, with scorn, "that he had sent you after me and not after my quarterly allowance," and she laughed bitterly.

Dunton looked keenly into her eyes during an interval of silence.

"How did you know that I was a detective?" he asked at last.

"Mr. Varney told me so." she replied. "He was at Marblehead when I was there."

"Yes; in the garden."

"And you were with him? A secret meeting I see, I see. He had been discharged because of his attentions to you?"

"Why, of course."

"What did Mr. Varney say to you about me?"

"He said that my father had engaged you to watch me to see whether I had any communication with Mr. Varney. But you must know all this. Why do you ask these questions?"

"Did you know of any other reason why your father should employ a detective?"

"No."

"He did not mention a robbery?"

"No."

"You knew nothing about it?"

"Certainly not. What do you mean?"

"One moment please. Did Mr. Varney entrust a packet to you?"

"Yes, it contains documents relating to his dead father's estate."

The detective drew the packet from under his coat and laid it on the table. The girl quickly extended her hand, and as she touched the packet Dunton laid his hand on hers.

"Wait," said he. "Have you married him?"

"No."

"Have you seen him since you left your father's house?"

"No."

The detective released her hand and raised his own to his forehead.

"I am not a religious man ordinarily," said he, "but, when I thank God I mean it. Now look at that—at those papers relating to Mr. Varney's estate."

"Why, these are bonds!" exclaimed the girl.

"Right," said he; "$30,000 worth, stolen from your father. Mr. Varney did not want to be caught with the goods on him, as we say in my business, so he gave them to you. And you knew nothing. When you saw me, you thought I had come to interrupt an elopement?"

"Certainly."

"I suppose Mr. Varney used to live in this house," said Dunton, and the girl nodded. "That's why he sent you here, and it's why my correspondent advised me to come, thinking that I might pick up a clew in the house. And so we met, and"—

He was interrupted by a cautious tap at the door. It was the professional brother.

"Your man's in the house now," said that worthy. "He's gone upstairs. He asked for a Miss Stone, and a servant told him where her room was."

"Go up and get him," said Dunton. "I want him for robbery. Take him to headquarters. I haven't time to see him now. I've got to escort this lady back to Boston on the 5 o'clock train. And as to her"—he laid his finger on his lips.

Remains to Be Seen.

"What's in here?" asked the tourist.

"Remains to be seen," responded the guide as he led the way into the morgue.—Jester.

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"YOUR MAN'S IN THE HOUSE NOW."

SENATE OF LILLIPUT.

The Way Dr. Johnson Outwitted the House of Commons.

Parliamentary bodies were long a great stronghold of resistance to the press. Reporters were strictly barred from them, and reports of their proceedings were sternly punished. It was among the triumphs for the right and for common sense which Franklin achieved that he caused the chamber of the provincial assembly of Pennsylvania to be thrown open to publicity. Nevertheless no reports were allowed of either the Continental congress or the constitutional convention.

Dr. Johnson's violation of the cherished privacy of the British house of commons is a classic story. He reported its debates without entering its sacred precincts, and in order to escape the severe penalties of the law he reported them without mentioning the body or any of its members by name. Setting up an imaginary "senate of Lilliput" and giving fictitious names to the leading members of parliament, he edified for years the readers of the journal which then boasted the largest circulation in England.

Receiving a few scanty notes of what was going on at Westminster, he elaborated them into a brilliant spread. He was, indeed, the illustrious inventor of the immortal craft of reporters. His discerning readers came to know not only that the senate of Lilliput was the house of commons, but that "Blefuscu" stood for France and "Mildendo" for London; that "Sprugs" meant pounds, that "Nardac" was the Duke of Newcastle, and so on. What his critics lack of his imagination readily supplied.

Never was the eloquence of parliament more brilliant than in Johnson's reports of the debates, in which he admitted, he took care that the Whig dogs got the worst of it, although Pitt himself must have felt mollified when he read the wonderful oratorical attributed to him by Johnson on "the atrocious crime of being a young man." It is the best remembered of all Pitt's speeches, and it was written by Johnson "in a garret in Exeter street."—Boston Globe.

A SMART ENGLISHMAN.

The Story He Told of His Experience In the States.

A tall, pretty red Englishman went over to "the States" the other day from London. He took lodgings at an inn in a small village, which shall be nameless. He had dinner, and among those who sat at the table with him was the waiting maid, whom he designated as "servant," but he received an indignant correction from the landlord.

"We call our servants, sir," helped. "They are not oppressed; they are not Russian serfs."

"All right," said the Englishery. "I shall remember."

And he did, for in the morning he awoke the whole house by calling out at the top of his voice, which was like the tearing of a strong rag:

"Help, help! Water, water!"

In an instant every person equal to the task rushed into his room with a pail of water.

"I am much obliged to you, I am sure," he said, "but I don't want so much water, you know. I only want enough to shave with."

"Shave with!" said the landlord. "What did you mean by calling 'Help! Water!' We thought the house was afire."

"You told me to call the servant 'help,' and I did. Did you think I would cry 'Water!' when I meant fire?"

The explanation, it would seem, was satisfactory, and he can call the servants "servants" as much as he likes at that place now.—London Answers.

Not Very Flattering.

When the artist had finished his scenic sketch of the stretch of woods skirting the suburban road, he looked up and beheld a serious-faced Irishman whom he had previously noticed digging in a trench by the roadside gazing queerly at his canvas.

"Well," said the artist familiarly, "do you suppose you could make a picture like that?"

The Irishman mopped his forehead a moment and, with a deep sigh, answered, "Sure; a man c'n do anything if he's driv to it!"—Argonaut.

Some Good Anagrams.

The following is a list of very remarkable anagrams:

Astronomers, no moon stars; catalogues, got as a clew; elegant, neat leg; impatient, Tim is a pet; matrimony, into my arm; melodrama, made moral; midshipman, mind his map; old England, golden land; parishioners, I hire parsons; parliament, partial men; penitentiary, my, I repent it; Presbyterian, best in prayer; revolution, to love ruin; sweetheart, there we sat; telegraphs, great helps.

A Neat Selection.

"That's a nice umbrella you have there."

"Ain't it? Reflects credit on my taste, doesn't it?"

"It certainly does. Where did you get it?"

"Picked it out of a bunch of seven that were standing in the boarding house hall this morning."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Contradictory.

"Is your husband voracious in his appetite, madam?"

"I can't say as he is, doctor. He'll eat anythink and everythink as long as there's anythink to eat."—Baltimore American.

Usually the Way.

"A man likes to hear hisse'f talk so well," said Uncle Eben, "dat mos' conversation looks jes' like two people impatiently waitin' deir turns to say sumpin."—Washington Star.

Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup—the cough syrup that tastes nearly as good as maple sugar and which children like so well to take. Unlike nearly all cough remedies, it does not constipate, but on the other hand it acts promptly yet gently on the bowels, through which the cold is forced out of the system, and at the same time it allays inflammation. Always use Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

OBEYED ORDERS.

The Lady Knew Just What to Do When a Fire Started.

Mrs. Wilcox had boundless faith in the wisdom and general effectiveness of her husband's advice, and consequently he had primed her with instructions for any emergency that might arise when he was absent. Among other things he had repeatedly warned her in case of fire to spread a rug on the blaze and then telephone for the engines.

So deeply was this advice impressed on her subconsciousness that her actions the day of the fire in her home were purely automatic.

She had bought a new hat, and, the room being rather poorly lighted, she used the gas jet over her bureau as an aid to studying the new millinery achievement. Suddenly as she was lifting the lace creation off her head it slipped and fell directly upon the blazing gas jet.

The expected happened. The hat was soon burning fiercely, still on the top of the gas pipe.

Mrs. Wilcox, mindful of Jack's advice, grabbed a valuable Persian rug on the floor and, spreading it carefully over the lighted gas jet and flaming hat, rushed out to the telephone.

At the doorway she collided with her maid, Estelle, who, hearing the rapid movements in the room, was coming to learn the cause.

Running over to the bureau, the girl turned out the gas and, throwing the rug on the floor, stamped out the flames, which had burned a hole through the valuable tapestry.

"Why, Mrs. Wilcox," she cried, "why didn't you turn out the gas?"

"Turn out the gas?" answered her mistress. "Well, aren't you bright! I never thought of that. Jack has always told me to put a rug on a fire."—Youth's Companion.

A STORY OF NELSON.

The Presence of Mind of the Great English Admiral.

Captain Mahan relates the following anecdote concerning Lord Nelson's letter proposing a truce to the crown prince of Denmark dispatched in the midst of hostilities:

The decks being cleared of all partitions fore and aft and all ordinary encumbrances removed, Nelson wrote in full view of all on the deck where he was, at the casing of the rudder head, standing, and as he wrote an officer standing by took a copy. The original, in his own hand, was put into an envelope and sealed, with his arms. The officer was about to use a wafer, but Nelson said:

"No; send for sealing wax and candle."

Some delay followed owing to the man's having had his head taken off by a ball. "Send another messenger for the wax," said the admiral when informed of this, and when the wafers were again suggested he simply reiterated the order.

A large quantity of wax was used and extreme care taken that the impression of the seal should be perfect. Colonel Stewart asked:

"Why under so hot a fire and after so unfortunate an accident have you attached so much importance to a circumstance apparently trifling?"

"That I made use of a wafer," replied Nelson, "the wafer would have been still wet when the letter was presented to the crown prince. He would have inferred that the letter was sent off in a hurry and that we had some pressing reasons for being in a hurry. The wax told no tales."

He Didn't Like Pledges.

Judge Martin Grover of Troy, N. Y., was at one time approached by a young citizen who wished to be nominated to the state assembly. The shrewd old judge had certain doubts about him, which he expressed somewhat freely; and yet he was willing to afford him a trial. He therefore addressed the aspirant in this way:

"Young man, if you will give me your word that you won't steal when you get to Albany I'll see what can be done about sendin' you there."

"Judge Grover," replied the young man, drawing himself up with great dignity, "I go to Albany unpledged or I don't go at all."

Small Tacks.

How is this for a stunt? The center of the tack industry used to be Bromsgrove, a town in Worcestershire, England, where all work was done by hand. It was a common feat for experts to forge 1,000 to 1,200 tacks so small as to fill the barrel of an ordinary goose quill, their weight being only about twenty grains.—New York Press.

A Glittering Bargain.

"Yes," said the prospective investor to the Billville real estate man, "your terms at $2 an acre are very reasonable. Is there any gold in the land?"

The agent looked around as if to assure himself that no one was listening; then he leaned over and whispered:

"It's mostly gold!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Irresistible Attraction.

"What are you stopping for, John? If we don't hurry we'll miss our train!"

"You can go on if you want to, Maria. I'm going to see how they get that balky horse started."

Out of a Job.

Minister—Is your father working now, Johnny? Small Johnny—No, sir. Minister—Why, only last week he told me he had a job. Small Johnny—Yes, sir. But the man he was working died.—Chicago News.

Against God's wrath no castle is thunder proof.—Spanish Proverb.

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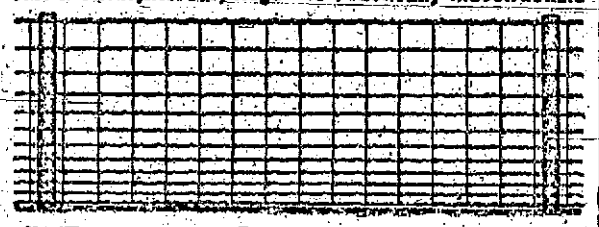

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, May 14, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Read what Daly & Garlick have to say this week.

—What's the latest in relation to the paving question?

—New spring things take up the space of Fry & Comes this week.

—The Coudersport water plant has been sold to J. D. Landis of Mechanicsburg and L. D. Yost of Waynesboro, Pa.

—Places of amusement do not appear to be paying ventures in Bradford. The Bradford opera house and the driving park are offered for sale in this issue by the sheriff.

—About 25 young ladies of Shinglehouse recently started a boycott on the local opera house because the manager refused to let them have the house for a dance. This action soon won them their point and is serene now.

—The members of the W.C.T.U. are requested to be present Saturday May 16, at 2:30 in the M. E. chapel. A report of the Convention held in Port Allegany will be given and necessary work for Memorial Day attended to.

—Joseph Habas of Homestead was anxious for a son and heir. Last week his wife presented him with a girl baby which so enraged him that he went to the room and set fire to the bed on which his wife and child lay. The fire was extinguished before any harm was done, and he was committed to jail without bail. His defense was that he already four girls.

—Dr. W. L. Christman has received a report on the shale taken from his property below town which had been sent away to be tested in brick making, and it has proven even better than was expected. The report says that it has exceptional qualities for a first class paving brick which are worth at least $10 a thousand more than ordinary brick.—Eldred Eagle.

—One day last week a man who had escaped from the Potter County Home for indigent persons, came to Port Allegany in a most pitiable condition. It is said that he was suffering with strangulated hernia and other complications and that his body was covered with long accumulated filth. It does not seem that the Potter County Superintendent of the poor would so neglect his charges but, if such is the case, these conditions should be remedied at once.

—Blackie, a famous cat of Wilkes-Barr, Pa., is dead. Blackie was sixteen years old and belonged to the late Benjamin F. Dilley, who died in 1905. He left a large estate and made provision in his will that his cats, Blackie and Pinkie, which were his pets, should have the income from a building worth $40,000, and Miss Ada Risch should take care of them and be allowed a salary of $75 a month.

—At a regular meeting of the Star Hose Co., held last night, Chas. King one of the members, was called before the meeting, ostensively to give information relative to a change in the fire whistle. Arriving there he was rough knocked off his feet when the Company presented him with a heavy, solid-gold smoking ring. 32nd degree Masonic. Mr. King is not only an active member of the Company, but has always assisted in its welfare.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—For some time past Venango county auroists have had trouble in having their tires punctured while touring on the country roads, and finally discovered that that some malicious person was planting wire nails in the roads. A Franklin detective was put on the track of the offenders and soon arrested two boys who are charged with maliciously placing the nails in the road. The boys are in jail at Franklin and as they are old offenders out on suspended sentences they will probably be sent to a reformatory.

—On Monday evening May 18th in the M. E. church, Miss Clara M. Cushman, a returned missionary from China and the National Organizer of Standard Bearers, will give an address on the Chinese people, and the work being done for their education civilization and evangelization. Miss Cushman will have costumes to represent different classes of people in China, including the soldier, the teacher, the bride, boy eight years old, etc. No admission will be charged, but a collection will be taken to defray expenses.

—Miss Mira L. Dock of Fayettsville, Pa., member of the State Commission of Forestry, and a prominent Club woman, lectured in St. Luke's parish house Friday evening, May 8, on Forestry, under the auspices of the Travelers Club. Miss Dock's personality is most pleasing and her knowledge of the State Reserves of trees, their seed, planting and treatment, is accurate. She spoke befor the high school Monday morning urging their co-operation in re-foresting our barren hillsides, and securing a piece of land to be used by the school for raising trees for this purpose.

A Square Deal

Is assured you when you buy Dr. Pierce's family medicines—for all the ingredients entering into them are printed on the bottle-wrappers and their formulas are attested under oath as being complete and correct. You know just what you are paying for and that the ingredients are gathered from Nature's laboratory, being selected from the most valuable native medicinal roots found growing in our American forests, while potent to cure are perfectly harmless even to the most delicate women and children. Not a drop of alcohol enters into their composition. A much better grade is used solely for extracting and preserving the medicinal principles used in them, viz.—pure triple-refined glycerine. This agent possesses intrinsic medicinal properties of its own, being a most valuable antiseptic and antiferment, nutritive and soothing demulcent.

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In coughs and hoarseness caused by bronchial, throat and lung affections, except consumption in its advanced stages, the "Golden Medical Discovery" is a most efficient remedy, especially in those obstinate, hang-over coughs caused by irritation and congestion of the bronchial mucous membranes. The "Discovery" is not so good for acute coughs arising from sudden colds, nor must it be expected to cure consumption in its advanced stages—no medicine will do that—but for all the obstinate, chronic coughs, which, if neglected, or badly treated, lead up to consumption, it is the best medicine that can be taken.

Grange News.

The MINER will be pleased at any time to receive and publish items of real interest from any Grange in the county. All we ask is that correspondents be brief and confine themselves to news items of general interest.

(Written by Mrs. M. A. Caldwell.)

General News.

FARMERS VALLEY.

George Otto, son of Joel Otto, formerly of this place but now of Huntingdon, is ill in the hospital at that place with typhoid fever.

Frank Digel, also of this place but now of Huntingdon, was taken ill with typhoid fever on May 1st and next day was taken to the hospital.

August Tanner had the misfortune to lose his chicken house by fire Sunday night, cause unknown. About 80 fowls were burned.

We are sorry to state that Mrs. Clarney Brockham is very ill.

Riding an Ostrich.

"I don't believe the stories told about the natives in Africa and Australia riding ostriches," said a Californian who gives riding lessons in a New York riding academy, "and I saw this pretty well tried on the occasion in my state. A cowboy who had vanquished every pony he ever undertook to break in was induced to try an ostrich. After an hour's hard work he succeeded in mounting the bird, which at first tried to shake and roll him off, but these tactics of course had no effect upon the cowboy. Then in spite of all the man could do the ostrich succeeded in getting its head around and seizing the rider by the calf of one leg. Finally the man, after much frantic kicking, got his leg free. He then doubled his feet under him and the ostrich reached over his wings and got a good, fast hold on the man's back, throwing him heavily to the ground and trampling on him. It took three of us to chase the infuriated ostrich away, and we accomplished it barely in time to save the man's life. That's why I don't believe the native Australians can ride ostriches."—New York Press.

Mars as Prophet.

Study of Mars proves that planet to occupy earthwise in some sort the post of prophet. For in addition to the side lights it throws upon our past it is by way of foretelling our future. It enables us to the most extent to foresee what eventually will overtake the earth in process of time, inasmuch as from a scrutiny of Mars coming events cast not their shadows, but their light, before.

It is the planet's size that dig it thus for the role of seer. Its smaller bulk has caused it to age quicker than our earth, and in consequence it has long since passed through that stage of its planetary career which the earth at present is experiencing and has advanced to a further one, in which in time the earth itself must come if it be not overwhelmed beforehand by other catastrophe. In detail of course no two planets of different bulk can repeat each other's evolutionary history, but in a general way they severally follow something of the same road.—Percival Lowell in Century.

Why the Tables Are Green.

"Billiards is one of the oldest games I know of," said a sporting man. "It is older even than croquet, which was played by French kings a great many hundred years ago. But, while billiards is so old, I'll bet none of the devotees of the ivories and the cue can tell me why a billiard table covering is green. The billiard table is always green. Well, the answer is simple enough. Billiards is merely a corruption of the good old English game of bowls, which was played on a beautifully green lawn. On rainy and winter days, however, your English sportsman couldn't enjoy his bowls, so some clever Johnny conceived the scheme of playing bowls indoors on his imitation green lawn. It was too much of a cinch, however, playing this game with the hand in such close quarters, so the cue was introduced to put skill at a premium. That's why billiard tables are green."—Philadelphia Record.

Diving For Fish.

A unique method of fishing is employed by natives along the Panuang river. Two dugout boats are employed about thirty feet long, with two men with long poles, one in the bow, the other at the stern punting the boat along. They stretch a long rope made of bamboos and plaited grass about a hundred yards long and weighted about every ten yards with big stones. This they let down into the water, and the fish are frightened toward the bank. The divers then jump in three at a time, remaining down about twenty seconds. They carry gaffs about eighteen inches long and fishhooks with cords attached. When they strike a fish they let go the gaff, and the fish is hauled up in the boat. A big fire is lighted on the river bank, and the men warm themselves before it when not diving.—Rangoon Gazette.

A Well in a Churchyard.

Hadstock, in Essex, possesses what is probably a unique water supply. It is entirely derived from a deep well in the parish churchyard. The well is over 800 years old and is known as St. Botolph's well. The inhabitants of Hadstock declare that it contains the best drinking water in Great Britain, and, as the village in question is one of the healthiest places in Essex, there is undoubtedly some truth in their boast.—London Strand Magazine.

Feb. 29 Births.

Very few distinguished men have been born on Feb. 29 of leap year. Among them are Edward Cave of the Gentleman's Magazine, who was born in 1692, and Rossini on the same day a hundred years later. Archbishop Whitgift in 1604 and John, the brother of Sir Edwin Landseer, himself an artist, both died on this day.

30 days' trial $1.00 is the offer on Pinoules. Relieves back-ache, weak back, lame back, rheumatic pains. Best on sale for kidneys, bladder and blood. Good for young and old. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

A Fish Mystery.

One strange feature of this sea life of the tropics is the regular recurrence of migratory swarms of fish of very small size that return in huge numbers year after year with such absolute regularity that the natives calculate on the event on a certain day in each year and even within an hour or two of the day. One such swarm of fish forms the occasion of an annual holiday and feast at Samoa. The fish is not unlike the whitebait for which the English Thames has so long been celebrated, and each year it arrives at Samoa on the same day in the month of October, remains for a day or at the most two days and then disappears entirely till the same day of the following year. Why it comes or whence no curious naturalist has yet discovered, nor has anybody traced its onward course when it leaves the Samoan group, but the fact is unquestionable that suddenly, without notice, the still waters of the lagoon which surround each island within the fringing reef become alive with millions of fishes passing through them for a single day and night and then disappearing for a year as though they had never come.—London Standard.

The Armenians.

The history of Armenia is not cheerful reading. With the exception of occasional brief periods, the Armenians have been almost continually under some foreign rule. Assyrians, Babylonians, Medes, Persians, Macedonians, Romans, Parthians, Saracens, Mongols and Turks have each in turn dominated the country, and of all these successive foreign yokes the present one, that of the Turks, has been the longest and the heaviest. The highest activities of the Armenian people today are not to be found in Armenia proper, but rather in the marts of prominent cities the world over. This is especially noticeable in Constantinople, Smyrna and other cities of the Levant, where the marked aptitude of the Armenians in business enables him practically to dominate the commercial situation. One example is the oriental rug trade, which is practically controlled by Armenians not only in the east itself, but also in many western countries.—Argonaut.

How Sandy Fooled Sandy.

An old gentleman in a village not far from Glasgow breakfasted every morning on porridge and in order to save fuel cooked a whole week's supply every Saturday. One Friday morning the stuff seemed very cold and very salt, and he felt he must abandon the struggle to eat it. But his stubborn nature forbade any such thought. So he fetched the whisky from the cupboard, poured out a glass and placed it before him on the table.

"Now, Sandy," said he, "if ye eat that parritch well ye get that whisky, but if ye don't ye won't."

He stuck again at the last spoonful, but, keeping his eye steadily on the glass of whisky, he made a bold, brave effort and got it down. Then he slowly and carefully poured back the whisky into the bottle, with a broad grin, as he said to himself, "Sandy, my lad, I did ye that time, ye auld fule!"—Dundee Advertiser.

One Hair Astray.

A guest at a certain fashionable hotel recently had a grouch. He carried it to the proprietor.

"Look here," he said, "things around here are just about as rotten as they make them. When I went to lunch today I found hair in the ice cream, hair in the honey and hair in the apple sauce. Now, what do you think of that? Is that a good hotel?"

"Well," replied the genial proprietor, "I can explain the hair in the ice cream. That likely came from the shaving of the ice. And I suppose that the hair in the honey came off the comb. But I don't understand about the hair in the apple sauce. I bought those apples myself, and they were every one B-ld-w-ins."—Columbus Dispatch.

Reverent, Though Drunk.

The large majority of Russians of the orthodox faith will not pass a church or shrine in the street without uncovering their heads and crossing themselves. Travelers have seen intoxicated men who were staggering along observe this ceremony, and in the case of those who were too helplessly fuddled to walk home the friend or relative who has accompanied a tipsy companion in a sledge or droshky has, while holding him in the vehicle with one hand, performed for him the sign of the cross with the other when passing a sacred place.—London Chronicle.

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THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

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Miss the Easy Road.

Two young exponents of the strenuous life on Broadway were sitting in a hotel lobby the other evening discussing their plans for making some "big money" in the future. One of them confessed that his salary was "only $45 a week," and he was having a hard time of it in keeping the wolf from the door. Sitting near them was an old gentleman who overheard their conversation and was evidently interested.

"You fellows are making the mistake of your lives," the old gentleman said at last. "You are chasing the will o' the wisp while you have the means of wealth within your grasp. Why, I'm considered pretty well off financially, as you both know, and I never received a salary of $45 a week in my life. But I saved money when I was your age, and I found opportunities for investment that soon put me out of the salary class and made me a business man on my own account. The trouble with young fellows nowadays is that they can't see the opportunities that are given them. They have their eyes glued to the get-rich-quick idea so tightly that they pass by the only sure route to wealth."—New York Globe.

Handwriting.

As a rule, clear handwriting is more common with persons who do not write for a living than with those who do. Authors, for example, are creating something when they write; their mind is concentrated on this creative work; their thoughts are generally ahead of their hand, sometimes a whole sentence, and they hurry to keep pace with them. The result is bad handwriting, but handwriting with individuality in it, if not character. There is a theory that plain writing is most easily forged. This is not true. Obscure signatures are most easily forged and the so called freak signatures, which nobody can read, easiest of all. The best signature and the safest for a man who signs checks is neither too prim-nor too involved; just plain, everyday writing, done in the easiest way, according to his temperament. Such a signature expresses as much character as any handwriting can, but it doesn't tell us a thing about the man's moral makeup; not a thing.—Boston Globe.

Wanted His Dues.

A reservation Indian was disconsolate over the breaking of his ax handle. He laid his misfortune before the "farmer" of the reservation, who, through pity, took a new handle from his private stock and adjusted it to the ax. The farmer then noticed that the ax was shockingly dull. So, motioning the owner to turn the grindstone, he expended a half hour's time in sharpening the blade. When the refurbished ax was given to the Indian he was childishly overjoyed, but still lingered about, apparently by the actions that some feature of the transaction had not been adjusted.

The farmer was a little annoyed and called to an interpreter. "Ask the old fellow what he wants now," he directed.

After an exchange of grunts and gestures the interpreter announced, "He wants 25 cents."

"Twenty-five cents! What for?"

"For turning the grindstone."—Harper's.

The Limit.

Howell—I don't mind getting a lemon now and then, but— Powell — But what? Howell—I think it is overdoing the thing when the lemon has been squeezed.—Exchange.

Turned the Cut.

Dolly—Pardon me, dear, but you cut a ridiculous figure on the street yesterday. Polly—Oh, forgive me, dear! If I had seen you I should have spoken.—Cleveland Leader.

Couldn't Change His Appearance.

Customer—I want you to cut my hair so that I won't look like a blamed fool. Barber—I'm no lightning change artist.—New York Press.

If it were only as easy to practice as it is to preach!—Chicago News.

Sundays and Holidays.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE to work Sundays and Holidays? That is the tireless, ceaseless way that money at interest will work for you, and it will never go on a strike. Why should you do all the hard work? Set your money to working for you. Interest is its wages, and its pay is sure.

Grange National Bank of McKean County.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's ICE CREAM AND SODA WATER.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday May 14, 1908.

Republican Ticket.

FOR CONGRESS
CAPT. C. F. BARCLAY
of Sonnenuhoning

FOR SENATOR
FRANK E. BALDWIN
of Austin

FOR ASSEMBLY
HON. ROBERT P. HABGOOD
of Bradford.
HON. JAMES A. McKEAN
of Smethport

FOR SHERIFF
WILLIAM H. MORRISON
of Smethport

FOR PROTHONOTARY
BENJ. F. STARSKY
of Smethport

FOR RECORDER
HOMER M. CHOATE
of Smethport

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS
JOHN B. EASTMAN
of Smethport

FOR CLERK OF THE COURTS, ETC.
FRANK R. FOSTER
of Smethport

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY
GUY B. MAYO
of Smethport

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS
A. M. MARSH
of Bradford
JOHN A. PETERSON
of Bradford.

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS
A. A. ABBEY
of Smethport
ALBERT R. ANDERSON
of Clermont

It is said that Hetty Green has been threatened with a black-hand letter demanding $5,000.

GOV. HUGHES is putting up a great fight for his anti-gambling bill in New York State and if will be a great surprise if he does not win out in the end.

SEVEN men were killed and 17 injured, six probably fatally, by an explosion of gas in the Mount Lookout colliery in Wyoming, a village eight miles north of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Tuesday evening.

A DISPATCH from Kentucky tells of the killing of two night riders by a farmer whose property was to be destroyed had he not adopted the shot gun policy. The farmer deserves a medal and honorable mention for his marksmanship and public service.

AFTER several weeks work by the Massachusetts state police two men were arrested last night, charged with being responsible in part for the great conflagration at Chelsea on April 12. The two men under arrest are Jacob Lewitzky, 23 years old, of Boston, and Abraham Wolnitz, aged 30, of Chelsea.

HON. J. W. LEE died suddenly at his home in Pittsburg on Monday evening heart disease being the cause of his death. He was 62 years of age. Mr. Lee was one of the most prominent lawyers in this part of the State and years ago often tried cases in the McKean county courts. He had many friends in this borough who will deeply regret his sudden demise.

"BILLY" MONTGOMERY, cashier of the Allegheny National Bank, of Pittsburg, formerly financial adviser and friend of United States Senator M. S. Quay, was placed under arrest there Friday evening charged with embezzling almost half a million dollars from the bank, while the information made by Bank Examiner William Folds, before United States Commissioner William T. Lindsay, names $468,000 as the sum missing. It is thought that the amount may be much larger, possibly reaching $1,000,000.

ACCORDING to dispatches from Washington an effort will be made to oust Hon. L. Emery, Jr., from his seat in the National Republican Convention to be held in Chicago in June. The contest will probably be made on the ground that Mr. Emery is not a Republican. Be that as it may we have grave doubts about the advisability of anyone to oust Mr. Emery out of his seat, although in one sense it is hardly right for Mr. Emery to go into the convention in opposition to Hon. P. C. Knox, who, aside from President Roosevelt, is undoubtedly Pennsylvania's choice for the nomination. However, when Mr. Emery announced his candidacy for this position he made it fairly clear that he would support Mr. Taft and he received votes enough to make him one of the delegates, which should settle the matter without any contest or further question as to his right to sit with that body. He was fairly chosen by the people to represent this district in the Republican National Convention and although we do not admire some of Mr. Emery's political notions we think he should hold his seat in this convention.

A STORY is current in Washington to the effect that there will be a serious effort made to put a Prohibition plank in the Denver platform. This story has been current for some time, but people who know what they are talking about have continually and consistently denied the truth. There has unquestionably been some pressure brought to bear upon Mr. Bryan to use his influence at the Denver convention for a Prohibition plank. It has been urged that the Prohibition cause has made such headway in the South, and as the South is so strongly Democratic the national convention should take action on this mooted question. No one can speak for Mr. Bryan literally on this subject. At the same time many of his friends have derived the idea from his conversation that he did not believe the regulation or the prohibition of the liquor traffic was at present a fit subject for Federal legislation. The impression seems clear that his view is that it is a matter which should be controlled by the people of the immediate locality concerned. That he stands for local option in cities, towns and villages none of his friends doubt. And this particular bit of political information will be of interest among old school Democrats of the "Bourbon" variety.—Bradford Era.

Notice to Contractors.

Sealed bids for building abutments and bridge in Liberty township, near Clark's Mills, over the Allegheny River, and for abutments and bridge in Corydon township, over Willow Creek, near the Davidson farm; will be received by the County Commissioners of McKean county, until June 2nd, 1908, at 2 o'clock p. m., at which time all bids must be in.

Bids will be received for either or both bridges, and the substructures shall be bid separately by the cubic yard.

A certified check for $500 shall accompany each bid.

Plans and specifications are on file at the Commissioners' office, open to the inspection of all intending bidders.

The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

GEO. GRIFFITHS,
JOHN A. PETERSON,
JOHN P. DEVLIN,
County Commissioners.

Kodol For Dyspepsia has helped thousands of people who have had stomach trouble. This is what one man says of it: "E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, Ill.—Gentlemen—In 1897 I had a disease of the stomach and bowels. I could not digest anything I ate and in the spring of 1902 I bought a bottle of Kodol and the benefit I received from that bottle all the gold in Georgia could not buy. I still use it occasionally as I find it a fine blood purifier and a good tonic. May you live long and prosper. Years very truly C. N. Cornell, Rading, Ga., Aug. 25, 1900."

To have perfect health we must have perfect digestion, and it is very important not to permit of any delay the moment the stomach feels out of order. Take something at once that you know will promptly and unfailingly assist digestion. There is nothing better than Kodol for dyspepsia, indigestion, sour stomach, belching of gas and nervous headache. Kodol is a natural digestant, and will digest what you eat. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

When a man writes as follows don't you think he means it? Mr. S. G. Williams, Powderly, Texas, says, "I have suffered for years with kidney and bladder trouble, using ever preparation I came across and taking many prescriptions all without relief until my attention was called to Pinoules. After 30 days' trial ($1.00) I am feeling fine." Money refunded if not satisfied. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Here comes the spring winds to chap, tan and freckle. Use Pinesalve Carbolized, (Acts like a poultice) for cuts, sores, burns, chapped lips, hands and face. It soothes and heals. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Rings Little Liver Pills for billiousness and sick-headache. They clean the system and clear the skin. Price 25c. Try them. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

For Sale.

A first-class new milch cow, four years old, well bred and excellent milker. For particulars apply to Frank W. Backus, East Main Street.

May Day Excursion to Pittsburg

Sunday, May 24th, via B., R. & P. Ry. Special train leaves Mt. Jewett at 5:45 a. m. Round trip tickets only $2.50.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdevant.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Sam's
37 MAIN ST.

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 492

DR. E. R. BAKER,

DENTIST

OFFICE HOURS:

8:30 a. m. to 12 m,
1:30 p. m. to 5:30 p. m,

OPEN EVENINGS

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

NEW GROCERY MANAGEMENT.

Having purchased the Grocery Business of A. E. Foster & Co., I am prepared to cater to all of the former customers, also to all new ones that are looking for the best of goods at the lowest prices.

Oscar Engstrom.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 9, December Term, 1907.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Mary E. Litchfield did, on the 7th day of November, 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Noah S. Litchfield.

We therefore command you, the said Noah S. Litchfield, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the first Monday of June next, to answer the petition or libel of Mary E. Litchfield and show cause, if any you have, why the said Mary E. Litchfield should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 7, 1908.

Sheridan Gordon, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 8, Dec. Term, 1907.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Ella Adams did, on the 7th day of October, 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, John Adams.

We therefore command you, the said John Adams, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the first Monday of June next to answer the petition or libel of Ella Adams and show cause, if any you have, why the said Ella Adams, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 7, 1908.

Thos. J. Colpitts, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 30, Dec. Term, 1907.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Tillie Hodge did, on the 26th of October, 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, James Hodge.

We therefore command you, the said James Hodge, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of June, 1908, to answer the petition or libel of Tillie Hodge and show cause, if any you have, why the said Tillie Hodge, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEO. W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 7, 1908.

Mullin & Mullin, Libellant's Attorneys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 32, December Term, 1907.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Maud Butler did, on the 7th day of October 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the cause, therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Orson Butler.

We therefore command you, the said Orson Butler, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the first Monday of June next, to answer the petition or libel of Maud Butler, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Maud Butler, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 7, 1908.

F. D. Gallup, Libellant's Attorney.

NOTICE.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS OF ADMINistrators, Executors and Guardians, having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport, in and for the county of McKean in the State of Pennsylvania, on the first Monday of June, A. D. 1908.

First and final account of L. M. Wynkoop, administrator of the estate of Harriet A. Wynkoop, deceased.

Third partial account of Joshua Davis and Tryphenia Moffitt, executors of the last Will and Testament of M. W. Moffitt, deceased.

First and partial account of Joshua Davis and Tryphenia Moffitt, trustees of special fund under last Will and Testament of M. W. Moffitt, deceased.

First and partial account of Zillah Hafley, executrix of the last Will and Testament of Dimmin E. Hafley, deceased.

First and final account of James George, administrator of the estate of James W. Dennis, deceased.

First and final accounts of Harlow Pike, guardian of May B. Moore, Ray Moore, Maurine Moore, Jeanette Moore, Maude Moore, and Clyde Moore, minor children of John W. Moore, deceased.

Fourth partial account of J. B. Steele and D. H. Jack, executors and trustees of the last Will and Testament of C. B. Whitehead, deceased.

First and final account of Rebecca R. Bennett, administratrix of the estate of Asenith S. Buchanan, deceased.

First and final account of Charles D. Scott, executor of the last Will and Testament of Nancy M. Tolles, deceased.

First, final and distribution account of E. C. Frost, executor of the last Will and Testament of Sylvia A. Madison, deceased.

First and final account of Margaret Cole, executrix of the last Will and Testament of J. J. Cole, deceased.

First and final account of Delia Merrick, executrix of the last Will and Testament of Clinton V. Merrick, deceased.

First and final account of John Bird, guardian of Irwin H. Gregg, late minor of I. W. Gregg, deceased.

Final account of John Anderson, administrator of the estate of Barbara J. Baker, deceased.

First and final account of David Howells, guardian of Nellie Peterson, late minor child of Charles Peterson, deceased.

JOHN B. EASTMAN, Register.

Smethport, Pa., May 2, 1908.

White Diamond Flour

It makes Good Bread. Try it and be Convinced.

J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits,	$300,000.00
Resources about,	$900,000.00

This Bank

Conducts a General Banking business.

Pays interest on time deposits.

Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.

Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.

Solicits your business; no account too small, no transaction too large.

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
JOHN FORREST
JAMES A. McKEAN
C. D. COBBS
CHARLES McKEAN
H. H. REDFIELD

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

$1 a week makes the path clear for putting a VICTOR into every home.

Why not see about getting yours today?

PALACE PHARMACY,

Burg Chadwick, M. D., Proprietor.

Go to Mrs. Spring's for your Millinery.

Everything of the Latest and up-to-date at the Lowest Prices.

Being connected with a leading New York store will receive goods every week.

Call and get convinced. Seeing is believing.

Next to Green's Grist Mill on Hill St.

ManZan Reaches the spot. Stops pain. The Great Pile Remedy. Put up in tubes with rectal nozzle, 50 cents.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

THE SUMMER VACATION GUIDE.

The summer vacation is the bright spot in the dull routine of the year's work. It breaks the monotony of the daily round, and cheers and invigorates for the strenuous life ahead.

America abounds with delightful summer resorts in valley, on mountain, and beside the sea. The Atlantic coast line from Labrador to Cape Hatteras contains the greatest number of resorts devoted entirely to the pursuit of pleasure and health in the world.

One may purchase from Pennsylvania Railroad Ticket Agents, excursion tickets to over eight hundred of these resorts, covering all the desirable places, from the rock-bound bays of Newfoundland to the gentle, sandy slopes of the Virginia beaches; from the White Mountains of New Hampshire to the Cumberland Mountains of Tennessee; in the wilds of Canada, along the shores of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes.

The famous seacoast resorts of New Jersey—Atlantic City, Cape May, Wildwood, Ocean City, Sea Isle City, Asbury Park, Long Branch, Spring Lake, Seaside Park, Beach Haven and others, so well known that description is superfluous—are among the most popular and the most easily accessible resorts in the country.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Summer Excursion Book, to be obtained of Ticket Agents at ten cents a copy, or of the General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, by mail postpaid for 25 cents, describes them all and gives the rates and stop-over privileges allowed on tickets.

New Spring Hats

Swell Clothing

New Neckwear

Everything up-to-date for Men.

We Like Lookers.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

FRESH GREEN GOODS

ONIONS	LETTUCE
RADISHES	CUCUMBERS
CELERY	SPINACH
TOMATOES	STRAWBERRIES

Fresh Every Day at

ANDORFER & LYLE'S

Grocery

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family reciepes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S

Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

BURDICK & SARTWELL

PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

H. C. BEMIS

Fine Interior Trim and Stair Work

Planing Mill & Retail Lumber

Estimates furnished from plans and specifications

Inquiries and inspection solicited.

Both Phones

Hilton St. Bradford, Penna.

The Lindholm Co.

SOROSIS PETTICOATS.

The kind you want. A new and complete line of these popular Skirts at prices ranging from $1.00 to $3.50. Each skirt is well made and will give you excellent wear.

A skirt hanger free with each Sorosis Skirt.

OXFORDS.

"Oxford Season" is here and we are prepared to show you popular styles in Blacks and Tans.

Are you prepared? If not see us first. We can please you.

NOTIONS.

In notions we have a complete new line of Combs and Comb Sets, Hat Pins, Belt Pins, Links, Pins, Hair Pins, etc.

The newest things at prices you like.

The Lindholm Company.

DALY & GARLICK.

LAWN MOWERS.

Ball Bearing, Adjusted Rollers, and Self-Sharpening Knives. Our stock comprises the best Mowers on the market. The old reliable Pennsylvania, the standard for 25 years. The Harvard, Clear Cut, Cornell and others.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, May 14, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The boating season is open at Island Park.

—Two weeks from Saturday is Decoration Day.

—Sorosis skirts are advertised by The Lindholm Co. this week.

—The fountains on the court house lawn have been re-painted.

—Kane has decided to have an amature base ball team this season.

—The sheriff's sales will be found in another column of to-day's paper.

—Mrs. B. T. Garlick entertained the Bridge Whist Club yesterday afternoon.

—The Kushequa route has returned its former prices on all passenger traffic.

—Rev. J. H. McCandless will hold services Friday evening at St. Luke's church.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Haven in Norwich township, on Sunday, May 10, a boy.

—New railings have been put on the steps of the main entrance to St. Elizabeth's church.

—Seventeen girls and seven boys will graduate from the Port Allegany High School to-night.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Foster Studholme of Olean, N. Y., Sunday, May 10, 1908, a daughter.

—The regular monthly meeting of the McKean County Medical Society was held in Bradford Tuesday evening.

—Ellwood Gaskin is moving from the flat over Hungerford's store to the Alfred Sturdvient house on Pine street.

—The Eagles are going to hold a carnival in Olean the week of June 1, and want a couple to be publicly married on that occasion.

—A baseball fielder searching for a ball in a game at Mahonoy City, Pa., found a murdered baby. The child had been strangled with a string.

—Miss Ethel Gifford has been confined to the house this week with measles. Mrs. Guy McCoy filled her place at the school during her absence.

—The Travelers' Club met Miss Dock at the home of their president, Mrs. Morrison, Friday afternoon from 3 to 6. Dainty refreshments were served.

—A dancing class has been started in connection with the popular Saturday night dances at the Lyceum. Emmett Quinlisk is the instructor and the class starts at 7 and lasts until 9 o'clock.

—The Rev. E. N. Turner of Ansonville, Pa., will preach at the Baptist church Sunday evening. The congregation have extended a call to Rev. Turner.

—Rev. W. A. Harris preached a very able sermon Sunday evening before the Glass Bottle Blowers Association. The church was crowded with interested listeners.

—Services at St. Luke's on Sunday next at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., and at All Saints', East Smethport, at 2:30 p. m. The Rev. J. H. McCandless will officiate.

—Hon. Boies Penrose has sent to this office a quantity of garden seeds for free distribution which we will be pleased to give to our subscribers and friends if they will call for them.

—The Potter Democrat says: F. S. Blackman, who recently started the Venture at Genesee, has purchased from Mr. and Mrs. V. M. Allen the Times of that place and will combine the two plants.

—The Grey Chemical Factories at Port Allegany and Roulette have closed down, and from the present out-look they will remain closed for some time to come. The reason for shutting down is excess of stock.

—Saturday was pretty near a record breaker for rough May weather. Rain, hail, snow, thunder, lightning and high winds all within an hour causes one to believe that the weather man is in a troubled state of mind.

—There will be a meeting of all graduates of the Smethport high school on Monday, May 18, at 7:30 o'clock in the school house for the purpose of re-organizing the Alumni Association. By order of F. D. Gallup, president.

—License court was held at the court house Monday afternoon, Judge Joseph W. Bouton presiding. There were no remonstrances to any of the applications for license and as there were no new applications all will probably be granted.

—George Barr, the man who robbed the Sterling Run post office at about the same time the Keating Summit post office was robbed, was captured at Medix Run last week Wednesday. The robbery occurred a day after the Keating Summit robbery.—*Port Allegany Argus.*

—Roselle Green was taken to Smethport Saturday by Constable Cline and will await trial on the charge of larceny of an overcoat. He was held by Alderman Williams in the sum of $200 bail for his appearance at court, and was unable to furnish the bond.—Bradford Era.

—Mrs. Burg Chadwick was operated on for appendicitis at her home on Main street Monday evening, Dr. Evan O'Neil Kane, assisted by Drs. McCoy, Brown and Ostrander, doing the work. Mrs. Chadwick's attack was very sudden and severe, as she was perfectly well on Sunday. She rallied nicely after the operation and is improving as rapidly as possible. Her many friends hope for her speedy recovery.

—E. V. Barbour is about to start a canvass glove factory at Crosby. He will start with about eight helpers and expects to have between 18 and 24 people in his employ in a short time. This will be a good thing for that busy little place as it will give employment to the women and girls.

—Herbert Smith, the eight-year-old boy who is in jail on a charge of horse stealing, entertains the prisoners and a number of people on the outside with a vocal concert nearly every evening. He has a fairly good voice and seems to be as happy as a lark even though he is confined in the woman's department all alone.

—A true gentleman is described as a man that's clean inside and outside; who neither looks up to the rich nor down on the poor; who can win without bragging; considerate to women, children and old people; who is too brave to lie, too generous to cheat and too sensible to loaf; who takes his share of the world's goods and lets other people have theirs; who doesn't sponge on his newspaper reading at the barber shop and don't knock when a boost is in order.

—Mrs. Ralph E. Burdick underwent an operation for appendicitis at her home on West Main street last Saturday. Drs. Lathrop and Clark of Buffalo assisted by Dr. Brown, did the operating. Mrs. Burdick has been suffering with chronic appendicitis and other troubles for a long time and it was finally decided that an operation was necessary. Her many friends will be pleased to learn that she is gaining rapidly and is expected to be out again before long.

—The Borough, assisted by the Travelers' Club are still engaged in carting away rubbish from streets and alleys. The town seems to have cast away its soiled and ragged raiment, and donned a fresh spring garment, bright and attractive. When the streets and alleys are all cleared of their heaps and piles of refuse their improved appearance will surely invite us all, old and young, to keep them clean and orderly. The next need is waste paper receptacles in which the floating trash of the street may be gathered.

—Tuesday evening the report reached Smethport that a man named Reilly had stabbed and probably fatally wounded a man named McFadden who lives in Annin township, either in Port Allegany or on the way home. However an investigation by the Miner scribe failed to fully confirm the story although more rumors were afloat. As no one has been brought here on such a charge nor any information reached the county officials we are inclined to believe the story to be a myth or at least considerably overdrawn.

—Stabbed to the heart and instantly killed, after which his body was cut to pieces and thrown in quick lime is the fate which some unknown man has met near Towanda. Fred Davolisk, while on his way home Thursday morning, found a white bicycle standing near where the body was found Sunday, and saw the glimmer of a moving light. He went to a nearby house, borrowed a gun and returned to the scene to find the light and bicycle gone, he then started for home when his foot struck something. On lighting a light he discovered it to be a basket with a human foot inside. He took it home and placed it under the porch for safety. On arising next morning he discovered his find of the night before was gone. Mr. Davolisk is very much aroused over the incident.

Death of Dr. C. P. Alling.

Saturday's Bradford Era says: Dr. C. P. Alling, a well known physician, who for many years practiced his profession in Bradford, died yesterday afternoon at his home in Dunkirk. A recent severe attack of indigestion brought on conditions which resulted in the doctor's death. Yesterday morning he collapsed and remained in an unconscious condition until the afternoon at 3:10 when his life ended.

The deceased is survived by his widow; a son, Howard Alling of Jamestown, N. Y., and a daughter, Mrs. Mary Fengar of Dunkirk.

Dr. Alling was born in Norwalk, O., Feb. 19, 1838. He was educated in the schools of Norwalk and graduated from the Western Reserve college in 1856. He then took a three years' course at Kenyon (O.) college and afterwards taught school at Milan, O. He studied medicine at Norwalk and attended lectures at the Western Homeopathic college at Cleveland, receiving his diploma in 1862, beginning the practice of medicine at Lima, Ohio. He was one of the surgeons in an Ohio regiment of volunteers organized to protect the southern border of Ohio during the war. He practiced medicine at Milan, O., and Dunkirk, N. Y., and came to Bradford in 1877, remaining till 1882, when he located in Buffalo for two years. Returning to Bradford he continued to reside here until last fall when he went to Dunkirk. While in Buffalo he was a city physician and held a similar position in Dunkirk in years gone by. The deceased belonged to the four Masonic bodies in Bradford and to the Shriners at Buffalo. He had many friends who hold him in high esteem.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm impliments. Three sets second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

Personal Mention.

W. J. Johnson was in Kane Tuesday on business.

Paul Doville passed Sunday with his parents in Eldred.

Will Blake of Eldred was in town a few days last week.

W. E. Burdick, Esq., of Bradford was in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Colegrove are spending the week at DuBois.

Mr. Isaac Baker and daughter, Flora, of Port Allegany, were in town Monday.

H. S. Rogers, Esq., of Mt. Jewett was a business visitor in town on Monday.

H. E. Dunsjohn of St. Marys visited his family on Mill street the first of the week.

Miss Rena Allen of Port Allegany was the guest of Miss Dona Lyman over Sunday.

Mrs. Parsons and daughter, Flora, of Bradford, are the guests of Miss Edith McGuier.

E. R. Mayo was in Philadelphia this week attending the session of the Superior Court.

W. L. Hammar of Lynchburg, W. Va., is spending a few days with his family in town.

Chas. Brown of Bradford was in town on business Monday and was a pleasant caller at this office.

Mrs. T. H. Purtle, Mrs. T. F. Hungiville and daughter, Edna, were Bradford visitors Tuesday.

Miss Ora Gleason left yesterday for Detroit, Mich., where she will attend a conservatory of music.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Gallup returned to their home in Mt. Jewett last evening after visiting relatives.

Orlo J. Hamlin returned home last Saturday from a trip to New York, Binghamton and other points.

Mrs. Ellsworth Perry and daughter, Celia, of Kasson visited relatives in town the latter part of last week.

Walter Brennonan returned last Saturday evening from Kane where he had been visiting relatives and friends.

Misses Mollie and Eulalia King returned Saturday from Bradford. They were the guests of Mrs. A. F. Brown while in the city.

Mrs. Caroline Otto and daughter, Mrs. Lena Spencer, of Hazelhurst, were callers at this office Tuesday while in town on business.

Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Harris, left Monday for a two weeks' trip to Baltimore, Washington and New York. Rev. and Mrs. Harris will attend the General Conference now in session in Baltimore.

Paul D. Hamlin of Chicago was the guest of his mother Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin on Monday and Tuesday. Paul has just returned from an extended trip through many of the European countries.

Mrs. H. M. Tabor left Monday for Jersey City, N. J., where she will visit her grandson, Melvill Bunnell and wife. (Mr. Bunnell used to live at East Smethport with his grandfather, Leroy Tabor) from there she will go to Philadelphia to visit her son, Leroy Tabor, Jr., then to Athens, N. J., to visit her husband's brother, George Tabor, from there to Troy, Pa., and to Sylvania, Bradford Co. Pa., where she will visit friends and relatives, while there she will attend the Tabor reunion. Mrs. Tabor is seventy-six years old at this writing.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending May 9, 1908:

Mrs. Nellie Baker, Marion Decker, H. L. Gaines, W. L. Gelwicks, A. Nunn, Dr. James R. Richards.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

Excursion to Pittsburg

Via B., R. & P. Ry., Sunday, May 24th. Special train leaves Mt. Jewett at 5:45 a. m. Round trip tickets only $2.50.

For Sale.

A quantity of sidewalk lumber. For particulars inquire of

JAMES QUIRK.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

THE MEN

who look around before buying are the men who will appreciate our

$15.00 SUITS

when they see them. Of course we have cheaper Suits, too—and quite a few better ones—but you can get here an excellent Suit for

$15.00

that looks well, has all latest "wrinkles," and our GUARANTEE that they will wear well.

WM. MONHEIMER.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

Net Waists.

Drop in and see our new line of White and Ecru Net Waists. They're fresh from New York City and made after the very latest style ideas—Japanese sleeve—elbow length—Trimmed with silk folds, val and cluny lace, silk lined, $3.90 to $9.50.

In addition to the Nets we have just received a few very pleasing models in White Silks and White Lawns with blue piping, $1.25 to $3.90.

Chamios Gloves.

16 Button length, Natural Chamois Gloves are the smart hand covering just now. Being washable they are quite practical, too. We are showing an excellent quality at $2.75.

Elbow length Silk Gloves in Black, White, Tan and Alice Blue, per pair $1.00 to $1.50.

FRY & COMES

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade-mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

THE CASH GROCERY

Do You Need Seed Potatoes?
Well, We Have Them.

The Beauty of Hebron and The Early Rose, also The Carmon.

Give our Searchlight and Acme Flour a trial. Now selling for $1.55 and $1.50.

Fresh Green Goods Received Daily.

G. W. BRENNAN,

THE CASH GROCER.

LIST OF

Second-hand Cars Now on Hand for Sale Very Cheap

One Model H, White Steam Car, fine order, will sell very cheap.
" " F, " " " " " " " "
One light, 1904 White Steam Car, four passenger, fine running order; new tires, and recently repaired all through, price $550.00
One Model 8, Peerless 30 H. P. gasoline car, five passenger. Car in good running order..... price $550.00

F. H. Reed, General Sales Agent for McKean, Potter, Cameron, Elk and Clearfield counties, on and after January 1st, 1908, will have a first-class repair shop well equipped for all kinds of general repair work, and maintainence of Steam and other Cars. Expert workmen from factory. Your correspondence solicited.

F. H. REED, - - Clermont, Pa.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St **W. H. Hungerford,** SMETHPORT

Cinderella's Mask.

By ETHEL BARRINGTON.

Copyrighted, 1903, by Associated Literary Press.

As the sound of sleigh bells broke the quiet of the room Miss Mercer clinched her teeth to keep back threatening tears.

"I couldn't stand on that foot for one minute, let alone dance," she exclaimed to her younger sister's governess, who stood slim and silent before the fire.

"I am truly sorry," the latter replied. "Jane said you sent for me to help you. What could I do?"

"Take my place in the minuet."

"Oh, no—no, I couldn't do that!"

"You'll have to," groaned Miss Mercer, with decision. Being fond of Augusta Park, she treated the young dependent with confidence and consideration beyond her position, but expected in return cheerful yielding to her own whims or comfort. "I'll write to Aunt Enid explaining the accident to my ankle and that you will take my place, so that the dance need not be abandoned. It's fortunate you played for some of the rehearsals and can wear my gown."

"I really cannot!" Genuine distress rang in the protest. "The dancers are all your friends. I am not in society—"

"When I wanted you to play the other night you made no fuss. Regard it as an act of charity if it helps you, but go."

"Not to Mrs. Fitzray's. I won't enter her doors—"

The invalid raised herself on her elbow, regarding in astonishment the flushed cheeks of the other girl.

"That sounds as if you held some sort of grudge against auntie, and I doubt if you ever met her."

Augusta shook her head. "Don't be a goose then." Miss Mercer shifted her cushions with a little moue of pain. "Bring that low chair and let me talk to you—now listen," she cooed when her directions were obeyed. "It would be wickedly selfish not to save the situation. Auntie's masked ball has been looked forward to as one of the events of the season. Our minuet of 'Sally and Mistletoe' is to be the piece de resistance. Auntie will never forgive me if I am the cause of its being cut out."

"I would be ridiculous for one in my position to take part in it," objected the governess.

"Who will know or care so long as they get their fun?"

If it were only somewhere else," Augusta faltered, whereupon Miss Mercer turned the averted face toward her, holding it firmly by the chin to study the expression.

"You are keeping something back," she accused. "Be honest! Oh—it's not possible"— She half started up from the lounge, to drop back, breathing quickly. "So you're the girl," she said. "You might have trusted me."

"There was nothing to tell. I would not marry into a family where I was not wanted."

"Morgan said he would choose his own wife, and my cousin is not one to change where his affections are concerned. Of course I now understand your refusal of my request, but you must reconsider the matter. No one can recognize you with a mask, and you can leave directly after the minuet. I'll mention no name, merely write my aunt that a friend has consented to substitute. She'll be too busy to be curious."

Thus it happened that when the ball opened Augusta, a mere nobody, was among the envied debutantes who participated in the minuet. She was thrilled at being in the house of the man she loved, and the possibility of learning how it had fared with him during the three years of silence that had buried their happy courtship.

When Morgan's parents had discovered his attachment for an unknown college student bitter scenes had ensued, resulting in the young man leaving Harvard to win independent success in life.

Augusta's pride forbade her corresponding with him, and after graduating she supported herself that her father might be free to educate her sisters. That the Mercers were related to the Fitzrays she had not discovered for some months, and after the first shock of the knowledge she decided to retain her position, there being only formal intercourse between the families and therefore small chance of her identity being discovered.

The brilliantly illumined ballroom was crowded when the eight young couples swept into the center, the men in picturesque "square cuts" of green and scarlet, the girls in gauzy white, with frosty spangles and garlands of mistletoe. Augusta, relying on her mask, entered into the dance with a grace and spirit that caused many of the spectators to single her out for favor. Rising from a deep courtesy, her eye was drawn to one of the guests who regarded her intently. Something in the broad shoulders, the firmness of the chin, visible beneath the black mask, set her heart beating wildly—this to be followed by a sudden chill of the blood when she remembered that Morgan had a brother.

Nervous with alarm, she never knew how she followed the intricacies of the dance, though she must have acquitted herself well, since of the flowers that pelted the dancers at the end a generous share fell at her feet. Then, silent among a laughing throng, she realized that her part in the festivities was at an end. Pride and duty demanded her withdrawal.

"I have secured your trophies," announced some one at her side as she reached the hall, and with a thrill of joy she knew that Morgan had indeed returned. To leave before he had recognized her became of vital importance. Yet how tear herself away when her whole heart was in a tumult for his presence?

"You will permit me," he begged, taking her card. "I'm sure the next is a waltz."

Augusta, shaking her head, endeavored to slip away.

"You can't vanish so," he challenged, dropping his mask. "Will you follow suit or must I wait the witching hour of 12 to solve the mystery?"

"Mystery!" repeated Augusta in a curiously muffled voice.

"But one girl dances like you." He bent over her eagerly. "Were it not impossible I should think"—

"Thought at a masquerade!" Augusta teased; but, knowing that he spoke of herself, she grew reckless and, despite the risk of delay, yielded to his plea for just one waltz.

The first led naturally to a second, after which, because she could not single out Fitzray for favor, she permitted others to fill her card. Many dances were "halved" among important partners, since about her hung the fascination of real mystery, which with most of the masks was but a pretense. Augusta drifted in the intoxication of the hour, forgetful of everything save her lover's presence. For supper he secured a tiny table to themselves.

Strangely interested in his companion, yet knowing his suspicions to be wildly improbable, he impatiently awaited the striking of the clock. As the first silvery chime rang through the room the guests, amid gay raillery, threw off their masks.

Augusta, casting one startled glance about her, sprang to her feet, then ignominiously fled, like Cinderella of old, leaving Fitzray to stare at her empty chair. Reaching the hall a moment later, the young man caught a glimpse of vanishing drapery on the stairs.

Imagining that the girl must return, he waited with the best grace he could master, but at the sound of wheels outside he flung wide the hall door just in time to see a carriage disappearing with all speed, while before the servants' gaze lay a small object dark against the snow—the silken mask that had baffled him.

In the Mercers' schoolroom next morning lessons dragged as never before, and the pupils wasted no regrets when her governess was summoned to her sister's room.

"Say something," demanded that lady after having informed Augusta that her cousin had been to see her. It seemed he had been unsuccessful in business, winning such golden opinions from his employer that a partnership was promised.

"Uncle is so proud," she concluded. "He declares himself willing to receive Morgan's chosen wife. After which news I couldn't fib. It scarcely seemed to your interest, and you'd better go down to him."

Instead of following this advice Augusta dropped on her knees beside the lounge.

"It's been so lonely—I'm so happy," she whispered inaudibly.

"Morgan didn't look overstocked with patience," Miss Mercer warned as she pushed the girl gently away. "Come back directly he's gone," she commanded, and as the girl turned, with a smile, before closing the door her face was beautiful in its tremulous happiness.

Left alone, Miss Mercer lay quite still, watching the hands of the clock slowly, making the circle of the dial. "I wonder," she mused whimsically, "are fairies human enough to feel a wee bit lonely after they have brought the lovers together?"

Saved the Vase.

The little son of an English gentleman, in mischievously playing with a vase, managed after several attempts to get his hand through the narrow neck and was then unable to extricate it. For half an hour or more the whole family and one or two friends did their best to withdraw the fist of the young offender, but in vain. It was a very valuable vase, and the father was loath to break it, but the existing state of affairs could not continue forever. At length, after a final attempt to draw forth the hand of the victim, the father gave up his efforts in despair, but tried a last suggestion.

"Open your hand!" he commanded the tearful young captive, "and then draw it forth."

"I can't open it, father," declared the boy.

"Can't?" demanded his father. "Why?"

"I've got my penny in my hand," came the astounding reply.

"Why, you young rascal," thundered his father, "drop it at once!"

The penny rattled in the bottom of the vase and out came the hand.

Some Famous Faces.

Napoleon, with a face as if it had been modeled from a Greek cameo, was never, in Talleyrand's judgment at all events, quite a gentleman. He gesticulated too much and was altogether too violent for the correct taste of the great noble trained under the old regime. Perfection of body is not necessary, either, for many misshaped men have been dignified even when they were not, like the Duc de Vendome, princes of the lilies in days when that distinction meant so much.

Little men and wizened men have both inspired awe, for great soldiers trembled if Louis XIV. frowned, and no man received without weakened knees a rebuke from William III. The protruding underlip of the Hapsburgs has never detracted from their majesty, and Victor Emmanuel, who, for all his good manners, always suggested to the onlooker a bull face to face with the matador, was for all that every inch a king.—London Spectator.

ManZan Pile Remedy comes ready to use, put up in a collapsible tube with nozzle attached. One application proves its merit. Soothes and heals, reduces inflammation and relieves soreness and itching. For all forms of piles. Price 50c. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

TANNING OF LEATHER.

It Is Probably the Most Ancient of All the Arts.

Tanning of leather is probably the oldest of all arts. Agriculture is the only one that would have a chance of competition, but the probabilities are that cold weather taught the first intelligent anthropoid ape to move south or cover himself with skins. Without tanning the raw hides would soon stiffen and in damp weather would rot and become unbearable because of their odors. Probably about the period of the troglodytes, or cave men, the art had its inception, and right here is to be stated one of the most curious features of the art—namely, that while every other art has advanced, the methods employed by most tanners today are quite similar to those used in the time of Herodotus, a writer who has told us more about the world as he found it than has any historian who succeeded him.

Herodotus says he found the Africans wearing skins for clothing, a remarkable statement about the people of a country in which the thermometer rarely goes below 100 degrees F. The Phoenicians used tanned leather for the outsides of ships with which they fearlessly navigated every square mile of the sea of all antiquity. Babylonian leather workers were respected in the time of David of Judea. Russia leather has held a proud place since the first century of our era. Dyed marauquin leather from Astrakhan, at the mouth of the Volga, made from goatskins, is famous the world over for the beauty of its red and yellow dyes. Then there is the shagreen of Tartary and Armenia, made of only a small piece of ass skin, a square of two feet, just over the tail.

To me the most memorable thing I saw at Tangier, Morocco, was a famous tannery that dated back to the period preceding the Arabic invasion of Europe. For some of the finest grades a man was treading the skins in a vat barefooted. He was some wretched pittance picked up on the streets and in need of a few copper coins to save him from starvation. The guide told me that an hour among the mineral and vegetable acids in that vat would cause the skin to peel from his feet and legs as if the flesh had been boiled. As hospitals are unknown in Tangier, this seemed a serious prospect for the poor wretch. This incident recalled the unfortunate mules at Guanajuato and in other places of Mexico that are put into the cyanide tanks to separate the silver by trampling. The poor brutes soon lose their hoofs and have to be shot.

Morocco leather is made of goatskins, dyed upon their outer surfaces. Not until the middle of the eighteenth century was the art introduced into France, where the highest grades of Morocco leather are made in these days. But most travelers are shown books in the Vatican at Rome and in the Royal library at Madrid bound early in 1700 that are in fine condition. Dyeing leather red is the most difficult of all arts in treating skins. The color requires some mysterious mordant to fix it, and not a dyer between Mogadore and Aleppo will give up the secret.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Wendell Phillips and Blaine.

When Wendell Phillips was last in Washington he was for a few minutes on the floor of the United States senate, surrounded by a group of senators, among whom was Senator James G. Blaine, always a favorite with Mr. Phillips. It so happened that a few weeks before this time Mr. Blaine, in presenting to congress the statue of Governor King, first governor of Maine, to be placed in the rotunda of the capitol, had commented severely on the loyalty of Massachusetts and especially the Federalist party during the war with Great Britain in 1812.

Of this party the father of Wendell Phillips, John Phillips, was a conspicuous member. When Blaine's speech was made, Hayes and Hoar were sojourners from Massachusetts, and they both essayed some sort of an impromptu reply thereto, but did themselves little credit in parrying the thrusts of Blaine's glittering rapier.

So when Wendell Phillips met Blaine on this occasion he said to him laughingly, "I wish I had been a member of this body for about an hour the other day when you made that speech attacking the Massachusetts Federalists."

"Ah," said Mr. Blaine, with that ready wit which never deserted him, "if you had been here I shouldn't have made that speech."—Exchange.

The Home of Edam Cheese.

The northern part of Holland is the seat of the Edam cheese industry. In making the Edam cheese fresh cows' milk is carefully strained and the rennet added. As soon as the milk curdles the whey is drawn off, and the curd, thoroughly kneaded, is pressed into molds. This process is repeated until the whey has all been extracted and the curd is comparatively dry. It is then wrapped in a linen cloth and kept for ten or twelve days until quite solid. Then the cloth is removed and the cheese put into salt lye. Afterward a little more dry salt is sprinkled on the cheese until the maker thinks it is salt enough to insure its keeping. It is next put into a vessel and washed with whey and scraped to remove the white crust. It is next carried into a cool room and laid on shelves, where it is frequently turned. The ripening process lasts from two to three months, the round balls growing the fine yellow of reddish color peculiar to Edam cheese. The cheeses intended to be exported to this country are rendered still more brilliant by dyeing the rind with a vegetable dye.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

SPRUNG FROM KINGS

Very Many Ordinary Folk Had Monarchs For Ancestors.

LOOK UP YOUR FAMILY TREE.

You May Be Related to Royalty and a Very Important Personage Without Knowing It—The Godwins and the Last of England's Saxon Kings.

A Duke of Norfolk once, inspired by a generous fit, announced his intention of entertaining at dinner all the Howards in existence who were related to him, the duke of course being the head of the Howard family. He set agents to work to seek out his relations, but had to abandon his proposed "little party" when he was assured that something like 20,000 people would have a right to come to it.

In the same way an astonishing number of people might be able to claim kinship not with mere dukes, but with royalty, if they only knew all about themselves. The heirs of monarchs who have died on their thrones are comparatively easy to trace and are, roughly speaking, fairly well known.

In this way, for instance, it was no secret that the late Sir William Harcourt was descended from the Plantagenet kings, and several gentlemen who bear no other legal designation than plain Mr. are known to have royal blood in their veins.

This does not apply to kings who have lost their thrones. King Harold, the last Saxon sovereign of England, was the son of Earl Godwin. When he was slain at the battle of Hastings he undoubtedly left children behind him. Some of them fled abroad to escape from William the Conqueror, but others remained in the country, where they sank into poverty and obscurity, but they married and had children. There is at least a chance, therefore, that every one named Godwin or Goodwin is related to a royal family.

King Richard III., whom we all know so well as the wicked Duke of Gloucester, is popularly believed to have been childless when he fell at Bosworth, but some historians hold that there is plausible evidence that he left a son. This son, to escape the death or captivity to which he would have been doomed by the victorious Henry VII. had he been captured, is said to have taken a common name and retired into Somersetshire, where he died as a petty farmer.

The whole story may be a myth, but there is nothing impossible about it, and the descendants of King Richard's nameless son may be numbered among ordinary working folk.

All the Clarkes have a right, if they like, to think that they may be connected with royalty—albeit, royalty of a somewhat dubious sort. When Dr Samuel Johnson was doing so much to make Fleet street famous there was alive in Europe an adventurer who called himself the Baron Theodore Stephen de Neuhoff. He found his way to Corsica and assisted the Corsicans to get free from the republic of Genoa, which was ruling the island in a tyrannical manner. In return they proclaimed him king under the title of Theodore I.

His royalty was brief, however. He had frequent quarrels with the Corsicans and finally quitted the island. Ultimately he drifted to London, where he kept up a sort of shabby genteel regal style. But at last he was arrested for debt and remained in prison for sixteen years. When released he was broken down and old and died in the house of a poor tailor.

The king of Corsica had a granddaughter who married an official in the custom house named Clarke. The family became very poor, and all genuine traces of them have been lost. But it is open to any Clarke who pleases to imagine that he is a descendant of the dashing, unlucky Theodore.

A lot of people have claims to belong to a much more distinguished family. Kindly folk sniff in the land of the living have employed a meek old charwoman who called herself Miss Paley and was glad to earn a shilling in odd ways. Nothing concerning her ancestry could be definitely proved, but there was reason for believing that she was a descendant of Constantine Palæologus, the last Greek emperor of Constantinople.

Constantine was killed when the Turks captured his capital in 1453, and his family and relatives had to flee for their lives. Some of them came to England, and there are living thousands of his descendants.

There is a general impression that the old royal family of Stuart is extinct. This, however, is a mistake. Stuarts and Stewarts scattered all over Britain can claim kinship with the old royal family.

In ancient days there used to be about a dozen kings reigning in Ireland at once—the king of Derry, of Munster, of Connaught, and so on. They are all gone now, but so many of their descendants are alive that practically every Irishman has a right to fancy himself related to royalty if he wants to.—Pearson's Weekly.

Not to Be Taken.

A Peruvian Jew at Johannesburg was so ill that a trained nurse had to be sent for. When she came on duty, her first remark was, "Now I'll take your temperature." To which the Jew replied, "You can't; everything is in my wife's name."—Sporting Times.

How It Was.

Jinks (in surprise)—Moving again, just when you were settled?

Binks—Yes. Our Willie whipped the janitor's boy.—Puck.

MAY FIRES.

Ancient Scotch Custom Which Involved Human Sacrifice.

Sir John Sinclair's "Statistical Account of Scotland" contains notices of many old customs, which still continued to be observed in the Highlands, though they were even then fast dying out. From the eleventh volume of that great work, which was published in 1791 and the succeeding years, we learn, on the authority of the minister of Callender, Perthshire, that the boys of the township assembled in a body upon the moors on May day and proceeded to dig a circular trench, leaving the soil in the center undisturbed, so as to form a low table of green turf sufficient in size to accommodate the whole party.

They lighted a fire and prepared a custard of milk and eggs and a large oatmeal cake, which they baked upon a stone placed in the embers. When they had eaten the custard they divided the cake into as many equal portions as there were persons in the assembly and daubed one of those pieces with charcoal until it was perfectly black. They then placed all the pieces of cake together in a bonnet, and each in turn drew one blindfolded, the holder of the bonnet being entitled to the last piece. The boy who drew the blackened portion was destined to be sacrificed and was compelled to leap three times through the flames.

Although the ceremony had degenerated into a mere pastime for boys, it is evident that it must once upon a time have involved the actual sacrifice of a human being in order to render the coming summer fruitful.—Gentleman's Magazine.

A QUICK TOUCH.

She Needed Money and Sent a Message That Would Fetch It.

A day or two ago a woman entered a suburban telegraph office and said to the receiver of messages that she desired to telegraph her husband, who was away in the country, to ask him for money. He pointed her to the counter supplied with blanks and told her the rate for a dozen words. She struggled away for a quarter of an hour and then handed in the following:

"Won't you please send me £5 by next post?"

"I don't know whether that will do or not," she said as she felt for her purse. "If you were to receive such a telegram from your wife, would you forward the money?"

"Well—well, I might," he replied in doubtful tones.

"Now, you wait. I don't like the telegram at all, because I tried to keep it within twelve words. I'll write another."

She tore it up, walked over to the counter and in three minutes handed in a new one reading:

"Am out of food and fuel and want £5 as soon as you can get it here. If you can't spare it I'll pawn the parlor carpet."

"That would bring the money from me," said the counter clerk as he read the lines and marked the number of words.

"Then it will from him. Send it quick."—London Tit-Bits.

Investigating Grandpa.

A grandfather, well known in the English house of commons, was chatting amicably with his little granddaughter, who was snugly ensconced on his knee.

"What makes your hair so white, grandpa?" the little miss queried.

"I am very old, my dear; I was in the ark," replied his lordship, with a painful disregard of the truth.

"Oh, you are Noah?"

"No."

"Are you Shem, then?"

"No, I am not Shem."

"Are you Ham?"

"No."

"Then," said the little one, who was fast nearing the limit of her Biblical knowledge, "you must be Japheth."

A negative reply was given to this query also, for the old gentleman inwardly wondered what the outcome would be.

"But, grandpa, if you are not Noah or Shem or Ham or Japheth you must be a beast!"

The Evil Eye.

The "evil eye" was one of the many superstitions that at one time beset humanity in the time of its ignorance. It was believed throughout the middle ages that certain persons had the power of cursing you by their glances, of subjecting you to the fascination which unopposed, blighted and destroyed you. Amulets of various sorts were used against this supposed power as well as certain practices, such as laughing, spitting and jumping a somersault.—New York American.

Doing Without the Dot.

The small letter "i" was formerly written without the dot. The dot was introduced in the fourteenth century to distinguish "i" from "e" in hasty and indistinct writing. The letter "j" was originally used where the letter "j" is now employed. The distinction between "i" and "j" was introduced by the Dutch printers at a comparatively recent date, and the "j" was dotted because the "i," from which it was derived, was written with a dot.

Value of Religion.

"Some people," said the Rev. Mr. Goodman, "can never be made to appreciate the value of religion."

"That's right," replied Malnchantz, the merchant; "they don't know how to catch the church trade at all."—Philadelphia Press.

The early bird is all right, but the early worm is a fool.—Charleston News and Courier.

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Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheats
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

SUPREME AND COURTS.

President Judge—Joseph W. Soulen, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. W. Barclay, Sinnemahoning.
State Senator—G. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; E. P. Halsted, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—A. B. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chase, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Doyle, Bradford
Court Clerk—A. M. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. P. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—E. B. Sherman, Bradford
County School Superintendent—Birdette S. Boyle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Council—J. F. Rooney, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; A. A. Abbey, Alfred Hagberg, G. H. Denning, F. L. Sherbourne, E. E. Heath, H. H. Sisse.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, treas.; W. F. Specht, sec'y; John B. Eastman, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, H. B. Taft, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. R. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—R. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SANFORD L. FAY, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

G. H. HUNTER, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 223, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month and 3rd Friday in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. F. WRIGHT, Com.
H. M. CHASE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.

ELIZABETH KIBBEN, Com.
Miss. A. A. ABBEY, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. J. A. PATTERSON,
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 13, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
JESSIE EBERSPACHER, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 33, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MISS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
Miss. ELLA MOURHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. E. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday-school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. second first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—T. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

First Baptist Church.—T. G. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday-school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3:00 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 3 o'clock. All are invited.

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Counting the Reserve.

By Henry Harling.

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George Barker, the newly appointed cashier, moved rapidly between the rows of desks which lined the walls of the accounting department. Daisy, bending over her huge volume, flushed as she caught sight of the tall, soldierly figure, but her face turned white and tense as she saw how grave his expression was. Clearly something had happened.

Others perhaps might not have noticed the change in his expression, but to Daisy every shade of meaning was familiar, and she knew that they must be serious worries which took the smile from Barker's eyes and made still more grave the lines about the mouth.

Ever since she had been in the bank Daisy had loved Barker, but then it was he who had inducted her into the mysteries of the savings department and had since guarded over her ever since. He was always ready to give her a help over the hard places, and of late it had seemed to Daisy that there was something more than mere kindly interest in the steady gray eyes as he looked upon her.

Now he came to a stop before her desk and bent over the book on which she was working.

"Miss Gibbins will look after your book today," he said in a low voice. "I want to have your assistance in counting the reserve. The bank examiner comes next week, and we want to see that things are all right."

"I didn't suppose that you were to know when the examiner came," cried Daisy.

Barker smiled, but the smile was mirthless.

"We are to have no advance information, but there are sometimes leakages in the banking department. Will you come with me to the vaults?"

Daisy followed him to the basement, where the precious vaults were located. A steel cage, formed of heavy bars, inclosed the lighter portion of the basement, and in this was the huge safe containing the cash reserve. Barker explained that he had instructed the cashier who had preceded him to keep all the cash in the safe, but that the latter had protested in fear of discovery. It was at his request that the vault was being made ready to become responsible for the deposits.

"It won't last the bank," continued Barker cheerily, "but will make good exercise. It is not as bad as I had supposed. Of course you will say nothing of this to any one in or out of the bank?"

"Why did Mr. Greenwell tell me to, but you?" she asked curiously.

"Probably that the others might not overhear your message," explained Barker. "Is that why you warned me to be silent on what you think that perhaps I had been meddling with the reserve?"

"I didn't think that," denied Daisy, with reddening cheeks, "but it was all so strange and mysterious to me, and I—I didn't want to feel that perhaps I hadn't been faithful."

"I meant faithful to yourself," explained Barker, remembering his words. "Was it because"—

He did not complete his question. There was no need. Eyes answered. But some days later, when the gray haired president suggested that a married man was preferred by the directors as cashier, Barker agreed with him.

"It's all arranged," he declared. "I am going to marry Miss Walling, the young lady who counted the reserve."

Greenwell nodded approvingly.

"She will make an excellent wife," he declared emphatically. "You have made an excellent choice, George." And Barker agreed with him.

"IS THAT WHY YOU WARNED ME?" HE WENT ON.

floor above, was provided with a table and a chair. Daisy took her seat before the piles of bills with which the table was loaded.

According to the law, a certain cash reserve was required of the bank, and it was Daisy's task to count the packages of bills and make certain that the contents agreed with the figures on the paper bands. Barker leaned across the table.

"Mike will take these away and bring you more when you are ready," he said. "You know how to check them on the slips."

Daisy nodded understandingly. Barker turned away, only to come back and bend close to the curly brown head.

"Remember," he said impressively, "I have selected you for the counting because you are discreet and faithful."

This time the new cashier ascended the stairs, and Daisy's nimble fingers made quick work of the bills. They were for the greater part fifty dollar notes in packages of a hundred each, and Daisy dropped them into the box at her side as she verified the count.

The porter brought her a fresh supply of higher denominations, and of these she took more careful count. Several of the packages were short one or two bills, and these were for $100 and $500 each. The packages were tossed aside to be recounted later when the work should be done. It might be that some error had been made, and other packages might contain a bill or two in excess of their supposed number.

But package after package went to swell the pile on the rough deal table, and there were none to balance the shortage. Barker's words flashed through Daisy's brain. She was to be discreet and faithful!

Only two weeks back Barker had been promoted to be cashier. Before then he had been the assistant, and it was he who had last counted and packaged the reserves. Now that he was made cashier in the place of Newton Bryan the count had to be made again because the bank examiner was expected. The shortage would become known unless she was discreet and faithful.

For a little time things turned black for Daisy. To Barker she owed her advancement in the bank. He had virtually saved her place for her by his kindly advice when she had first taken a position, and during the entire two years she had been with the bank he had put her under a heavy burden of gratitude. He had been kind to all the girls, but it seemed to Daisy that he had been more watchful of her interests than of the others, and now—now she was being asked to make return!

A step aroused her from her thoughts, and she resumed her work just as the president came down the stone stairway to the basement. Daisy's fingers became nimble again, and she tried to keep all traces of excitement from her face.

"Everything all right?" asked Mr. Greenwell as he came into the compartment. "The count is correct?"

There was a note of anxiety in his kindly voice. Daisy wondered if he had any suspicions. For a moment she was tempted to answer that all was right. She could give an evasive answer and warn Barker that he was in danger of discovery. Then came the echo of the words "discreet and faithful."

It would not be faithful to the bank to hide the shortage. It could not be that Barker would have asked her to hide his guilt. She looked bravely into the president's face.

"Those packages are all short," she said simply. "They are mostly the hundreds, but there are five thousands too."

"Ask Mr. Barker to come here," directed the president. "Do not tell him what is the matter. Just say that I want to see him here. Come back with him."

As quietly as she could Daisy summoned the cashier. They were at the top of the stairs when her courage failed. She could not—"Was wrong of the man she loved—and yet"—

"There was a mistake," she whispered. "Mr. Greenwell told me not to tell you, but I"—

Barker nodded understandingly, but he left us in the basement and Daisy followed wonderingly. Greenwell looked up as the cashier came into the compartment.

"I am sorry I—that your suspicions are correct," he said coldly. "Will you and Miss—er"—

"Walling," supplied Barker.

"Will you and Miss Walling ignore the exact sum? I am afraid that it is worse than we thought."

Barker took his seat at the table opposite Daisy, and the president resumed his interrupted work. Daisy watched Barker explaining that he had miscounted the cash, and old Greenwell had listened in fear of discovery. It was at his request that the count was being made, Barker became responsible for the deficit.

"It won't last the bank," continued Barker cheerily, "but will make good exercise. It is not as bad as I had supposed. Of course you will say nothing of this to any one in or out of the bank?"

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Ashamed of the Debt.

An English gentleman rather plaintively confides to the London Outlook that he no sooner flatters himself that he has turned his otherwise perfectly satisfactory wife into something approaching an economist than he finds out that he has done nothing of the kind.

He had, or he so believed, firmly impressed in her mind the fact that England has the greatest revenue ever known, when she learned, through a lecturer at her club, the figures of the national debt.

"John," she said on her return, "didn't you tell me that England has the greatest revenue ever known?"

"Yes," he said.

"Then how is it," she said keenly, "that we have such an enormous debt? Do we really owe that terrible sum?" She named it with great deliberation and awe.

He admitted that the figures were correct.

"Well, if that is so," his wife said firmly, "I will never again admit abroad that I am an Englishwoman. I could not travel in comfort known as one of a nation so shamefully indebted."

The Helping Hand.

A blind newsman stood in the early evening on the curb at Forty-second street and Third avenue. The papers he sought were at a depot on the opposite side of the avenue. He stood silent. Presently a young man slipped out of an idle group near by, took the blind man by the arm, piloted him across the car tracks, left him and passed on. Neither said a word.

Having obtained his papers, the blind man turned again to the curb, standing patiently. A woman, bareheaded and evidently a tenement dweller near by, walked up the avenue, paused, stepped aside, took the newsman by the arm, conducted him back across the avenue and resumed her errand. Neither spoke.

It's just a way they have over there on the east side.—New York Globe.

RELIGIOUS HATRED.

The Intense Bitterness That Divides Islam and Hindooism.

It is difficult to express the eternal and inevitable hatred and detestation which have always existed between the Mohammedan and the Hindoo in India. It is often forgotten by critics that the differences between the Mohammedan's religion and the Englishman's are minute compared with those that divide Islam and Hindooism. They of the east take their religion much more seriously than we of the west, and in the eyes of Islam the dog of a Christian is far better than the swine of a Hindoo.

The Pathans of the northwestern frontier—keen, hardy and relentless fighters, without education and without the wish for it—fairly stand as a type of the Mohammedans. They are kept from the throat of Hindustan only by the presence of the British government. If restraint were removed from the Mohammedan the Hindoos would go down like grain before the sickle, and the Pathans would turn India into one widespread ruin. The first to fly would be our friend the babu. Yet he is precisely the man who today does all he can to make British rule in India difficult. Were there any chance of his successful agitation would promptly cease. Grimly indeed would be the silence of the Bengali press about the moral delinquencies of the white man. The Brahman agitator knows his Hindooism and understands exactly how far he may be trusted to go doggedly on with his ungrateful work.

I once saw a curious instance of the contempt in which the educated Bengali babu is held by men of his own kindly. Toward the close of 1902 I was traveling up to the Durbar at Delhi and happened to be in the dining car on the three foot Rajputana-Malwa railroad. A well known pundit, asked if he might join me at dinner. I was delighted and found him a most interesting companion. From first to last nothing could exceed his courtesy. But in passing in the midst of a sentence *and apologizing to me* he bowed back in his chair and stretched out his arm behind him, barring the narrow passageway. A well to do Bengali babu was stepping by the unstretched arm. The pundit then called the Bengali ugly things. He told him that he was one of a filthy and scoffing herd of cowards, mainly cuts that let the hand that fed them, and he finished by saying that, could he have his own way, he would subject the whole lot of them to a certain torture whose very mention made the wretched babu a shade grayer. I never saw such a spectacle of shivering terror. With a final sneer, the pundit told his victim to go and then he turned back to the table with a pleasant smile.—Percival Landon in World's Work.

An Interesting Experiment.

That the earth revolves on its axis can be proved by a simple experiment. Fill a medium sized bowl nearly full of water and place it upon the floor of a room that is not exposed to jarring from the street. Upon the surface of the water sprinkle a coating of lycopodium powder. Then take powdered charcoal and draw a straight black line two inches long upon the coating. The line should be north and south. After this is done lay upon the floor a stick so that it will be exactly parallel with the charcoal line. Any stationary object in the room will answer as well, provided it is parallel with the line. If the bowl is left undisturbed for several hours it will be seen that the black mark has turned toward the parallel object and has moved from east to west in a direction opposite to the movement of the earth on its axis. This proves that the earth in revolving has carried the water with it, but the powder on the surface has been left a little behind.

Bear Baiting In Olden Days.

So popular was bull baiting in olden days in England that riots followed the attempt to suppress it in the large towns. Bear baiting was more popular still, if that could be. In various places, Liverpool, especially, it made part of the festivities at the election of the mayor, being held before his worship started for church. Ladies commonly attended in great numbers. There was a famous bear at Liverpool which showed such grand sport in 1782 that certain fair admirers presented it with a garland, decked it with ribbons and carried it to the theater, where a special entertainment had been "commanded," which bruin sat out in the front of their box. But of gossip about bull and bear baiting there is no end. Enthusiastic lovers of Shakespeare read with interest the petition of the royal bear warden, addressed to Queen Elizabeth in 1595, complaining that his licensed performances had been neglected of late because every one went to the theater.

Mother Works Without Pay.

"Mother gets up first," said the new office boy. "She lights the fire and gets my breakfast, so I can get here early. Then she gets father up, gets his breakfast and sends him off. Then she gives the others their breakfast and gets 'em ready for school, and then she and the baby have their breakfast."

"What is your pay here?" asked the man.

"I get $3 a week and father gets $3 a day."

"How much does your mother get?"

"Mother!" he said indignantly. "Why, she don't have to work for anybody."

"Oh, I thought you just told me she worked for the whole family every morning."

"Oh, that's for us, but there ain't no money in that."—New York Press.

Tired mother's worn out by the peevish, cross baby have found Cascasweet a boon and a blessing. Cascasweet is for babies and children, and is especially good for the ills so common in cold weather. Look for the ingredients printed on the bottle. Contains no harmful drugs. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

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The Lady In The Picture.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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"It is the portrait of my ancestress, Mistress Elizabeth Mowbray," remarked Dickson to his assembled guests. With one accord the four persons seated at the table in the great dining room turned and looked at the picture.

Framed in gold, it hung over the chimney piece, reaching almost to the lofty ceiling. It depicted the life size figure of a beautiful young woman in a pale gray gown in the fashion of a century past.

A large gray plumed hat rested on her dark hair, and about her shoulders was a loose rose pink cloak caught together by one slender hand, while the other held an plumy spray of white lilac.

Dickson arose, glass in hand. "To Mistress Mowbray, always young, always beautiful and"—he paused and added, with a mischievous glance at his wife—"ever silent!"

There was laughter from the men and a merry protest from Mrs. Dickson as they drank the toast and resumed their seats.

"Rather an unfair advantage to take of Mistress Mowbray," objected Mark Randolph, with a glance toward the portrait.

"I am sure that Harry's insinuation is quite unjust," said Mrs. Dickson, with spirit. "Family history relates that Elizabeth Mowbray possessed a very pretty will."

"I suppose there is a story connected with the fair lady?" insinuated Searles, with a smile at his host.

"There is," admitted Dickson cheerfully. "There is some tale about the ghost of Mistress Mowbray, who is said to step down from the portrait and walk about this room, leaving a fragrance of white lilac in her wake."

"Have you witnessed this apparition?" asked Randolph, with interest.

"Never," replied Dickson, "because I am willing to admit, somewhat reluctantly, that I have decided prejudice against the color of white that in this [illegible]

"Why do the ghost walk?" asked Randolph.

"Legend has it that the ghost of Mistress Mowbray returns to her husband's death and [illegible] [illegible] We have never seen the apparition [illegible] It has so happened that we have never been at the hall on the 15th of March since our honeymoon. I [illegible] that we range downstairs [illegible] morning, the 15th of March and detected a strong odor of white lilac. As the conservatory was empty of plants and as there were no flowers of any sort in the house, it was rather [illegible]

"A shock!" interpolated Mrs. Dickson, with decision. "It was a positive shock to smell the odor of white lilac that morning, especially as old Hannah had regaled us with the story the night before."

"And so you have never waited up to see the ghost walk?" queried Randolph as he opened the door for his hostess.

"No. To tell the truth, we always run away," she laughed. "Suppose you come down on the 13th of next month and watch for Mistress Mowbray. Hannah will take care of you, and then you can report to us the result of your investigations."

"Agreed," he said readily, and as she left the room he returned to the table and remarked to the others, "Any volunteers to keep me company?"

"Not I," returned Searles quickly, "I shall be south about that time."

"And we," said Dickson lightly, "will be in Egypt."

"I had forgotten that," said Randolph. "Nevertheless I shall accept Mrs. Dickson's invitation to run down here and make the acquaintance of fair Mistress Mowbray."

He was looking at the picture with dreamy abstraction in his eyes.

"You admire my beautiful ancestress, then, Mark?" Dickson shot a keen glance at his friend.

"Yes," was the low response. "She reminds me of another whom I once knew."

* * * * * * * *

On the 13th of March Randolph journeyed down to the sleepy old New England village where the Dickson homestead spread its comfortable wings behind sheltering elms, now leafless and soughing mournfully in the east wind. Within doors all was cheeriness and comfort, with soft lamplight and blazing fires.

When Hannah had cleared the dinner table and departed, Randolph threw himself into a huge easy chair before the fire in the dining room and looked up at the pictured face of Mistress Mowbray. He compared her face with that of another Elizabeth Mowbray, a cousin of Harry Dickson and also a descendant of the lady in the picture. It was an old story now, ten years old. He and Beth had quarreled, and she had returned his ring and gone back to her home in the south. They had never met afterward, but he had never forgotten.

Randolph placed not the slightest credence in the story of the apparition of Mistress Mowbray, but the idea of spending an uninterrupted evening before the portrait appealed to him. Unable to longer withstand the glance of the tender eyes, he buried his face in the upturned palms of his hands and gave himself up to unhappy musings.

Hour after hour was tolled by the tall clock in the hall, and when the bell chimed 12 Randolph roused himself with a slight start from the half doze in which he had indulged.

Involuntarily he gazed at the portrait, and a great wonder came into his eyes. He wheeled his chair away from the fireplace and stared. He rubbed his eyes, looked about the softly lighted room and stared again.

There was the same youthful figure, with its gray plumed hat, gray gown and rose pink cloak caught together by one slender white hand. It was all as it had been before save that now there was life in it—life in the soft brown eyes and in a certain tremulous movement of the pink bowed lips.

With white face and unbelieving eyes he watched the figure step slowly down from the frame, and he saw the movement of the purple velvet draperies that formed the background.

She stepped upon the wide mantelpiece, which was devoid of ornament, and made an imperious gesture with her hand, and as she did so he was conscious of the heavy scent of white lilac from the branch she carried.

"My good sir, pray assist me to the floor," she said in a low, vibrant voice.

As in a dream, Randolph hastily fetched a chair and supplemented its height with a hassock. With grace courtesy he extended a hand to the lady on the mantel, and as she gave him the tips of her fingers he felt the warmth of flesh and blood.

Lightly she stepped down, gathering her skirts gracefully about her dainty gray shod feet, and presently she stood beside him, looking timidly at him from beneath the shadow of her long lashes.

"My God!" he muttered, staring from the vision before him to the empty frame above the chimney piece.

With a quick movement the girl slipped the pink cloak from her shoulders and removed the gray plumed hat from her crown of dusky hair. "It is only I, Mark," she said wistfully.

"I—don't understand—yet." He passed a hand over his dazed eyes.

She stepped forward and pressed upon a carved portion of the mantel. Instantaneously there was a movement, and the painted canvas swung into place with a little click. There was Mistress Mowbray in her accustomed place above the shelf, and beside him was Beth.

"It is one of Harry's jokes," she explained in a low, breathless tone. "He came here one night ago and asked me to come here and await the apparition of Mistress Mowbray. It was a favorite joke which we were children. On the rear is a secret stair behind the picture and the portrait is really a door which opens upon it. Harry said that a skeptical friend would spend the night in the dark here and asked me to play the part. I was reluctant to do such a thing, but Harry has been very kind to me and I consented. They did not tell me who the skeptical friend would be, and it was a surprise to me when I looked down upon you entering here."

She leaned against the tall back of a chair with down bent head and quivering lips.

"And you could have gone back—and away from me again and I never would have known," he said, a vague wonder dawning in his eyes.

She did not reply.

"But you stayed; you made yourself known to me—you came down to me. What do you mean, Beth?"

She lifted her head slowly and looked at him through misty, joyous eyes, and he understood.

Hannah's voice broke crisply upon the blissful silence. "A cablegram, Mr. Randolph!"

Mark tore open the yellow envelope. "It is from Harry," he said, gathering his love into his arms, "and he says, 'Bless you, my children!'"

He Worked For It.

Some years ago there lived in Arkansas a man named Reynolds, who owned a narrow gauge railroad from Malvern Junction to Hot Springs. It was partly due to the fact that he had put by a neat little fortune and partly to his habit of wearing an enormous diamond shirt stud that he had won the nickname of "Diamond Joe."

It was Diamond Joe's boast that no one had ever stolen a ride on his little twenty-five mile road, and not content with telling this to his friends he offered a reward of $100 and a suit of clothes to the man who could do it.

One clear moonlight night a man came into his office, dripping from head to foot.

"Is this Mr. Reynolds?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the owner of the narrow gauge, involuntarily glancing out to see if it was raining.

"Well, I've come for that suit of clothes and the $100. I've beat my way on your road, Mr. Reynolds, in the boiler tank of the engine. It was hard work keepin' my head above water, but I did it—and—I guess I earned the prize."—New York Times.

The Ale Stake.

With the opening up of England by the Romans hostleries sprang up for the convenience of travelers. As time went on the selling of liquor became so lucrative that wherever the traveler broke his journey his thirst might be quenched. This naturally produced competition among the many tavern owners, especially in the large towns, who vied with one another as to the means of attracting the thirsty. It was in these circumstances that the "ale stake," or pole, to which was attached a furze bush, first came into prominence. In 1875 these signs became so great a nuisance that a law was passed to the effect that "ale stakes" projecting more than seven feet over the king's highway were prohibited, a fact which gave rise to the proverb that "good wine needs no bush." There are very few of the old inns in existence nowadays.—London Graphic.

FORETOLD HIS FUTURE.

The Message Carl Schurz Received From Spirit Land.

An extraordinary experience with a medium is given in the Carl Schurz memoirs in McClure's.

After receiving what purported to be a message from Schiller, General Schurz asked that the spirit of Lincoln be summoned to tell why President Johnson had called Schurz to Washington.

"The answer came, 'He wants you to make an important journey for him.' I asked where that journey would take me. Answer, 'He will tell you tomorrow.' I asked further whether I should undertake that journey. Answer, 'Yes; do not fail.' (I may add, by the way, that at that time I had not the slightest anticipation as to what President Johnson's intention with regard to me was.)

"Having disposed of this matter, I asked whether the spirit of Lincoln had anything more to say to me. The answer came, 'Yes; you will be a senator of the United States.' This struck me as so fanciful that I could hardly suppress a laugh, but I asked further, 'From what State?' Answer, 'From Missouri.' This was more provokingly mysterious still; but there the conversation ceased.

"Hardly anything could have been more improbable at that time than I should be a senator of the United States from the state of Missouri. My domicile was in Wisconsin, and I was then thinking of returning to it, had never thought of removing from Wisconsin to Missouri, and there not the slightest prospect of my ever doing so.

"But, to forestall my narrative, years later I was surprised by an entirely unsought and unexpected business proposition which took me to St. Louis, and in January, 1869, the Legislature of Missouri elected me a senator of the United States. I then remembered the prophecy made to me at the spirit seance in the house of friend Tiedemann in Philadelphia."

CLEVER FISHERMEN.

Odd Methods of the Indians on the Sault Ste. Marie.

On the Sault Ste. Marie the Indians have a novel mode of catching white fish. Two fishermen in a canoe paddle to the rapids [illegible] one at the bow and one at the stern [illegible] fish in mid stream. The bow man has a long pole with which to steady the boat, standing upright in his place.

This pole [illegible] about four feet in diameter at the bottom and is made of [illegible] fifteen feet long. This is placed ready to the hand of the Indian in the bow. The fishing is done at the foot of the rapids, where the water boils and tumbles furiously.

With his pole the Indian in the bow holds the canoe or lets it float steadily [illegible] now up a little perhaps and then down, but always under perfect control. The Indian gazes constantly into the water, which is often ten feet deep where they are fishing and the depths of which no white man was ever yet able to school his eye to penetrate.

Suddenly he seizes the net by the handle with one hand, still manipulating the boat with the other, and plunges the net into the water, perhaps ten feet away, thrusting it to the bottom. Then he gives it a peculiar twist, draws it up and turns out into the boat often as many as half a dozen whitefish weighing from three to five pounds.

These Indian fishermen are unerring in casting their nets, and it is not an uncommon thing for them to capture 800 whitefish in a day. How they are able to see the fish in the bottom of the rapids is a mystery no one has yet been able to fathom.—Pearson's Weekly.

As Good as a Porter.

It is curious how many people are in ignorance of simple little facts in connection with everyday life which would save them a large amount of unnecessary labor and fatigue. Take the case of carrying a heavy bag or portmanteau, for instance. We all know the annoying way in which it knocks against our legs and the almost intolerable ache in the arm that is supporting the burden. Few people are aware, however, that by folding a couple of newspapers and putting them under one's armpit a large amount of the strain and inconvenience is immediately removed. Try it next time you are hurrying to catch a train.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Hat He Had.

"Mamma, if I had a hat before I had this one, it's all right to say that's the hat I had had, isn't it?"

"Certainly, Johnny."

"And if that hat once had a hole in it and I had it mended I could say it had had a hole in it, couldn't I?"

"Yes; there would be nothing incorrect in that."

"Then it would be good English to say that the hat I had had had had a hole in it, wouldn't it?"

Yes, Indeed.

"It takes a couple of sweethearts a deucedly long time to say goodby, even if they are parting for only a few hours."

"Much adieu about nothing, eh?"—Kansas City Times.

Amiable.

"Daughter, is your husband amiable?"

"Well, ma, he's just exactly like pa. When he gets his own way about everything he's just perfectly lovely."—Pathfinder.

Among the richer classes 343 in 1,000 live to 60 years; in the middle classes, 178; of the laboring class, 156.

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SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, JUNE 1, 1908,

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate in Bradford Township, McKean County, State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a post in the east side of the highway leading from Bradford City to DeGolier on the west side of the Creek and known as the extension of Mechanic street, said post being in the south line of lot No. 139 and at the southwest corner of land conveyed by Tuna Lodge No. 411, I. O. O. F., to first party by H. G. Cutting, and herein described; thence northerly by the east line of the highway five hundred and eighteen feet to a post; thence north 82 degrees east four hundred and twenty-nine (429) feet to a post; thence east three hundred and twenty-five (325) feet to a post; thence north 9 degrees east four hundred and thirty (430) feet to a post; thence east six hundred and nine (609) feet to a post in the west line of the New York, Lake Erie and Western R. R. Co. reserve; thence southerly along said railroad reserve thirteen hundred and seventeen (1317) feet to a post in south line of lot No. 139; thence west by south line of lot No. 139, one thousand seventeen and five tenths (1017 5-10) feet to the place of beginning, containing twenty-six and 69-100 (26 69-100) acres of land, be the same more or less. Together with a right of way for a way on road across other lands late of H. G. Cutting, from Mechanic street or the extension of Mechanic street, the same as herein described to the house and barn of said H. G. Cutting as now located and also a right of way for a wagon road across lands of the said H. G. Cutting from the proposed extension of Congress street to lands herein described and to join right of way from Mechanic street as above mentioned. Subject, however to the reservation by the said H. G. Cutting, and for his heirs and assigns, of all the oil in, on or under said tract of land with the right to remove the same by operating the wells now drilled thereon. Being the same land with all the rights and privileges conveyed by H. G. Cutting and wife to the Bradford Driving Park and Fair Association by deed dated Nov. 15th, 1898, recorded in D. B. 83, page 401, and subject to all reservations contained in the same. Also all that certain other piece of land situate in Bradford Township, McKean County, Pa., bounded as follows: Beginning at an iron post on the south line of Cutting street; thence south 81 degrees .60 minutes west 4 5-10 feet to a post; thence south 9 degrees east 348 4-10 feet to an iron stake; thence west 23 5-10 feet to a post, thence north 12 degrees .60 minutes east 361 feet to the place of beginning, containing one hundred and thirteen, one thousandths (113-1000) of an acre of land, being the same land conveyed to first party R. B. Gibson and wife by deed dated Nov. 2nd, 1901, and recorded in deed book Vol. No. 95, page 366, &c. Excepting and reserving however out of the first above described tract of land, all that piece of land situate in same Township, County and State, and described as follows: Beginning at an iron post at the northwest corner of the extension of Congress street and Cutting street, a public highway leading from Congress street extension to Mechanic street; thence north 81 degrees .60 minutes west 35 5-10 feet along south line of Cutting street to a point; thence north 9 degrees east 30 5-10 feet to a post; thence west 41 5-10 feet to the west line of the extension of Congress street; thence south 14 degrees 30 minutes west along west line of said street 30 5-10 feet to an iron post the place of beginning, containing thirty-two one thousandths (32-1000) of an acre of land and being the same piece of land heretofore conveyed by first party to R. B. Gibson by deed dated November second, 1901, and recorded in deed book Vol. No. 95, page 366, &c.

Improved and having thereon One Grand Stand, One Judge's Stand, One Band stand, Stables, Booths and other structures.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of the Bradford Driving Park and Fair Association at the suit of Amos F. Moore, Assignee of Amos F. Moore, Assignee of the Executors of the F. A. Moore Estate.

D. H. Jack, Plaintiff's Attorney.

2

Defendant's interest in all those certain pieces, parcels and tracts of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, and described as follows, to-wit:—Beginning at a point in the east line of Mechanic street in said City, said point of beginning being 144.5 feet south from the southeast corner of Mechanic street and the Public Square, said point of beginning being also at the northwest corner of land purchased by Otto Koch from J. T. Stewart and wife by deed dated April 1, 1892, and recorded in Deed Book No. 118, page 344, etc., of McKean County Records; thence from said point of beginning east along the north line of land of said Otto Koch, formerly of J. T. Stewart, 46 feet and 4 inches to a point; thence south 2 feet and 7 inches to a point; thence east and again along the north line of land of Otto Koch, formerly of J. T. Stewart, 55 feet and 3 inches to a point, in the northeast corner of said land deeded by the said J. T. Stewart to the said Otto Koch; thence south and along the east line of land of Otto Koch, purchased by him from the said J. T. Stewart, 9 feet more or less to a point the northwest corner of land purchased by Otto Koch from Mrs. E. R. Loomis; thence east along the north line of the said land of Otto Koch purchased from said Mrs. E. R. Loomis, 17 feet to a point; thence south 18 feet and 11 inches to a point; thence west 39 feet to a post; thence north 5 feet to a post; thence west 80 feet to the east line of Mechanic street 30 feet and 6 inches south from the point of beginning; thence north by east line of Mechanic street 30 feet and 6 inches to the place of beginning; being the same premises conveyed to first party herein by Otto Koch and wife by deed dated Feb. 18th, 1903, recorded among the records of McKean County in Deed Book 122, page 313, etc. ALSO, beginning at a point on the east side of Mechanic street distant 95 feet south from the point of intersection of the south line of Main street (formerly Parker Place) with the east line of Mechanic street; thence easterly by a line parallel with the south line of Main street 119 feet; thence southerly by the east line of lands hereby conveyed to the southeast corner of said lands; thence westerly by the various courses and distances along the south line of lands hereby conveyed and being the south line of lands owned by said Tuna Lodge No. 411, to the east side of Mechanic street; thence northerly by the east line of Mechanic street 49 feet and 6 inches, more or less, to the place of beginning, it being the purpose hereby to sell and convey all the property of the parties of the first part lying south of a line parallel with and distant 95 feet south from Main street (formerly Parker Place) running east from Mechanic street to the easterly line of lands so owned by the parties of the first part; also the undivided one-half of the following described tract or parcel of land situate in Bradford City, County and State aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point in the east line of Mechanic street at the northwest corner of lands above described, thence east parallel with Main street (formerly called Parker Place) along the north line of the said lands above described 119 feet; thence along the eastern line of the lands of the parties of the first part north 95 feet to the south line of Main street (formerly called Parker Place); thence west along the said south line of said Main street 19 feet to the outer line of the eastern foundation wall of the building known as the Odd Fellows' Hall; thence south along the said outer line of said foundation wall eighty-three (83) feet to a point distant 12 feet north of the first described line; thence west parallel with said Main street 100 feet to a point in the east line of Mechanic street distant 12 feet from the place of beginning; thence south along the east line of Mechanic street 12 feet to the place of beginning, with the express covenant and agreement on the part of both parties to this agreement, their successors and assigns, that the said land, the undivided one-half of which is hereby conveyed to the party of the second part and the other undivided one-half thereof owned by Tuna Lodge I. O. O. F., shall be used solely as a free and uninterrupted passageway for teams, carriages, persons and vehicles, which passageway is not to be obstructed or built upon in any manner or way whatsoever, except that other party, their successors or assigns, may erect upon any building or buildings now built or hereafter to be built by them on lands adjoining said passageway, fire escapes in the manner and design as required by any Act of Assembly, projecting over said passageway, provided that fire escapes are so constructed as not to interfere with the free passage of teams, vehicles, carriages or persons through, over and upon said passageway. Being a portion of the same premises were conveyed by the Producers Petroleum Exchange, of Bradford City, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of Pennsylvania, to M. J. Benjamin, H. H. North and C. J. Lane, Trustees of Tuna Lodge, No. 411, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and recorded in the Recorder's Office in and for McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, on the 7th day of February, A. D. 1900. And being the same premises conveyed to first party hereby by George Patterson et al, Trustees of Tuna Lodge, No. 411, I. O. O. F., by deed dated March 23rd, 1903, recorded in Deed Book 125, page 502, &c. ALSO all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point, the northwest corner of a certain lot of ground deeded by Eliza Loomis to Otto Koch, by deed dated March 27, 1900, recorded in Deed Book Vol. 104, page 252, among the records of McKean County; thence running east along the north side of said lot 17 feet to a point or post; thence northerly nine (9) feet more or less to the north line of an alley; thence westerly along the northerly line of said lot and parallel with the first line seventeen (17) feet to a post; thence southerly nine (9) feet more or less to the place of beginning; being the same premises conveyed by quit claim deed to party of the first part herein by Marian B. Melvin et al, by indenture dated June 15th, 1903, recorded among the records of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 125, page 502.

Improved and having thereon a certain brick opera house building with all of the fittings, fixtures, furnishing and appliances to said opera house attached or belonging.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of the Bradford Opera House Company at the suit of the Bradford National Bank, Trustee.

D. H. Jack, Plaintiff's Attorney.

3.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece of land situated in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: BEGINNING at a post two hundred ninety-six (296) feet from the east line of Welch street on the north side of Moffitt avenue; thence north nineteen (19) degrees fifty (50) minutes west one hundred twenty-six (126) feet to a post; thence north seventy (70) degrees ten (10) minutes west forty-one (41) feet to a post; thence north seventy-four (74) degrees ten (10) minutes west forty-one (41) feet to the place of beginning. CONTAINING five thousand one hundred sixty-six (5166) square feet, more or less, and known as lot No. 17 of survey made by M. J. Hill, July 4th, 1898.

RESERVING all oils, gas, materials, &c., as is reserved and recited in a certain deed given by P. C. Wise & Co. to Howells, Moffit & Co. Also reserving the right of way for sewer across said lot about twenty (20) feet from the north line of said lot, also reserving the right to enter upon said premises to make repairs and lay sewer pipe. Also, reserving the right of way for a water pipe line through said lot to the Kane Spring Water Company to have the same control and rights over said water line as if it was laid on public street in front of said premises.

Being the same premises which C. W. Campbell and wife, et al., by their deed dated January 2nd, 1908, recorded in Deed Book No. 144, page 215, &c., conveyed to party of the first part herein, being the premises now occupied by the said party of the first part as a dwelling house and known as No. 17 Moffitt avenue, Kane, Pa.

Improved and having thereon one two-story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Mary E. Chidley and Alexander B. Chidley, her husband, at the suit of the State Capital Savings and Loan Association of Harrisburg, Pa.

J. W. Swartz and Thos. J. Dolphin, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

4.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point, the northwest corner of a certain lot of ground deeded by Eliza Loomis to Otto Koch, by deed dated March 27, 1900, recorded in Deed Book Vol. 104, page 252, among the records of McKean County; thence running east along the north side of said lot 17 feet to a point or post; thence northerly nine (9) feet more or less to the north line of an alley; thence westerly along the northerly line of said lot and parallel with the first line seventeen (17) feet to a post; thence southerly nine (9) feet more or less to the place of beginning; being the same premises conveyed by quit claim deed to party of the first part herein by Marian B. Melvin et al, by indenture dated June 15th, 1903, recorded among the records of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 125, page 502.

Improved and having thereon a certain brick opera house building with all of the fittings, fixtures, furnishing and appliances to said opera house attached or belonging.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of the Bradford Opera House Company at the suit of the Bradford National Bank, Trustee.

D. H. Jack, Plaintiff's Attorney.

5.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece of land situated in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: BEGINNING at a post two hundred ninety-six (296) feet from the east line of Welch street on the north side of Moffitt avenue; thence north nineteen (19) degrees fifty (50) minutes west one hundred twenty-six (126) feet to a post; thence north seventy (70) degrees ten (10) minutes west forty-one (41) feet to a post; thence north seventy-four (74) degrees ten (10) minutes west forty-one (41) feet to the place of beginning. CONTAINING five thousand one hundred sixty-six (5166) square feet, more or less, and known as lot No. 17 of survey made by M. J. Hill, July 4th, 1898.

RESERVING all oils, gas, materials, &c., as is reserved and recited in a certain deed given by P. C. Wise & Co. to Howells, Moffit & Co. Also reserving the right of way for sewer across said lot about twenty (20) feet from the north line of said lot, also reserving the right to enter upon said premises to make repairs and lay sewer pipe. Also, reserving the right of way for a water pipe line through said lot to the Kane Spring Water Company to have the same control and rights over said water line as if it was laid on public street in front of said premises.

Being the same premises which C. W. Campbell and wife, et al., by their deed dated January 2nd, 1908, recorded in Deed Book No. 144, page 215, &c., conveyed to party of the first part herein, being the premises now occupied by the said party of the first part as a dwelling house and known as No. 17 Moffitt avenue, Kane, Pa.

Improved and having thereon one two-story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Mary E. Chidley and Alexander B. Chidley, her husband, at the suit of the State Capital Savings and Loan Association of Harrisburg, Pa.

J. W. Swartz and Thos. J. Dolphin, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

6.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in the Borough of Mt. Jewett, McKean County, Penna., bounded and described as follows:—BEGINNING at a point in the northwest corner of land of Olof Westerlund on the south line of the right of way of the Mt. Jewett, Kinzua and Kiterville Railroad; thence by the west line of land of Olof Westerlund, south 1 degree 15 minutes east three hundred and fifteen (315) feet to a post; thence westwardly at right angles with said line of Westerlund one hundred and forty-five (145) feet to a point; thence northerly parallel to said Westerlund line and along the east line of a street to be named Mechanic street, two hundred and twenty-five (225) feet to the south line of the aforesaid right of way; thence easterly along the south line of said right of way one hundred and sixty-eight (168) feet to the place of beginning. CONTAINING 33,150 square feet of land more or less. Being the same premises conveyed to Myrtle B. Edgerton by John Easburg, et ux., by deed dated June 10, 1901, and recorded in Deed Book 113, at page 372, &c. Subject to reservations of petroleum, gas, minerals, &c., mentioned in deed from E. K. Kane to John Easburg, dated Feby. 20, 1890, recorded in Deed Book 63, page 391, &c.

Improved and having thereon Two seven-room frame dwelling houses.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Elmer W. Edgerton, Administrator of Estate of Myrtle B. Edgerton, deceased, Elmer W. Edgerton, surviving husband and heir of said Myrtle B. Edgerton, Edith Edgerton and Ralph Edgerton, heirs at law of said Myrtle B. Edgerton, deceased, and E. W. Edgerton, guardian ad litem of Edith Edgerton and Ralph Edgerton, co-defendants, minors, at the suit of M. J. Gallup, Trustee in Bankruptcy of Northern Furniture Co., Bankrupt.

W. L. Gallup, Gallup & Bolton, P. D. Gallup, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

George W. Mitchell, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., May 13, 1908.

Ordinance No. 73.

Providing for a loan for the Borough of Smethport, the issue of securities therefor and the levy and assessment of an annual tax of 7½ mills on the dollar of assessed valuation to provide for the payment of the principal and interest, authorized by ordinance approved the 9th day of March, A. D. 1908, and with the assent of the electors of said Borough duly obtained at an election held on the 14th day of April, 1908.

Section 1. The Council of the Borough of Smethport does ordain that the Burgess be and he is hereby authorized and directed to borrow a sum less than par on the credit of the said Borough, a sum of money not exceeding fifty-three, for which interest at the rate of 5 per centum shall be paid on the days of June and December in each year, in accordance with the assent of the electors obtained at an election held the 14th day of April, 1908, in pursuance of an Ordinan approved the 9th day of March, A. D. 1908, entitled:

"Resolved by the Town Council of the Borough of Smethport that there be an examination to the Electors of the Borough of Smethport of a special election to be held on Tuesday, the 14th day of April, 1908, as per following."

Section 2. That the principal of said loan shall be divided into certificates as follows:—24 of $1000.00 each; 8 of $500.00 each; and 30 of $100.00 each, and the form of such certificates reported by the Borough Solicitor May 4th, 1908, is hereby approved; a copy of which certificate shall appear in the statement of the financial condition of the Borough, which shall be filed in the office of the clerk of Quarter Sessions before compliance with the provisions of this ordinance. And the Burgess and Secretary of Council are hereby empowered and directed to execute and the Burgess to deliver, said certificates when and as the money for said loans is received.

Section 3. That the Burgess be and he is hereby directed to pay the money received from the sale of certificates of said loan into the hands of the Borough Treasurer.

Section 4. That for the purpose of complying with the provisions of the Act of Assembly of April 25th, 1874, and its supplements, there is hereby laid and assessed upon all property, real and personal, in said Borough as shall be subject to taxation for county rates and levies and for other Borough purposes, an annual tax of 7½ mills on the dollar upon the basis of the present assessed valuation and upon any change in the assessed valuation in lieu therefor, so many mills as will produce $5,650.00, annually; and said levy and assessment to be exclusively applied to and being sufficient for the payment within sixteen years, of the interest and principal on the gross indebtedness of $51,000.00, authorized by ordinance approved the 9th day of March, A. D. 1908, and with the assent of the electors of said Borough duly obtained at an election held on the 14th day of April, 1908.

Section 5. The moneys arising from such taxes shall be applied annually and as fast as the same accumulate to the redemption at par and payment of interest upon the outstanding obligations, given to secure said indebtedness.

JOHN F. ROONEY,
President of Council.

Attest:
W. G. HOLDER,
Secretary of Council.

Approved this 8th day of May, 1908.
EDGAR W. STRONG,
Burgess.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

OF THE BOROUGH OF SMETHPORT FOR THE YEAR 1907.

R. C. Gleason, Collector, 1905 Duplicate.

	Dr.		Cr.
To balance outstanding as per last audit	$ 157 09	By paid Treasurer Lemmler	478 30
		By 5% commission on last above (157 08)	9 83
	$ 157 09		$ 157 09

R. C. Gleason, Collector, 1906 Duplicate.
Borough Fund.

	Dr.		Cr.
To balance outstanding as per last audit	593 62	By paid Treasurer Lemmler	30 11
		By 5% added on last above (30 11)	1 45
		By paid Treasurer Lemmler	127 22
		By 5% commission for collecting	6 38
		Balance of 1906 duplicate outstanding	422 11
	$ 593 62		$ 593 62

R. C. Gleason, Collector, 1907 Duplicate.
Borough Fund.

	Dr.		Cr.
To amount of duplicate	1230 58	By paid Treasurer Lemmler	796 80
" 5% added on 230 80 taxes unpaid Jan. 1, 1908	11 54	" discount allowed taxpayers (846 20)	42 96
		By 2% commission for collecting above (952 04)	18 06
		By paid Treasurer Lemmler taxes at par	102 07
		By 5% commission for collecting above (113 76)	5 68
		Balance of 1907 duplicate outstanding	296 13
	$ 1242 12		$ 1242 12

Chas. Lemmler, Treasurer, in account with Borough Fund.

	Dr.		Cr.
To balance on hand as per last audit	47 52	By paid Treasurer Lemmler	1000 00
To cash for Col. R. C. Gleason 1905 duplicate	98 55	By paid Treasurer Lemmler	1000 00
To cash for Col. R. C. Gleason 1906 duplicate	121 22	By paid Treasurer Lemmler	1000 00
To cash for Col. R. C. Gleason 1907 duplicate	3220 94	By paid Treasurer Lemmler	1000 00
To cash for Burgess Strong dog tax	18 00	By paid Treasurer Lemmler	1000 00
To cash for Burgess Strong license and fines	100 00	By paid Treasurer Lemmler	1000 00
To County Treasurer Weaver, license	600 00	By paid Treasurer Lemmler	1000 00
To cash for State Treasurer Foreign insurance	102 00	By paid Treasurer Lemmler	1000 00
To cash for American T. and T. Co.	16 80	By paid Treasurer Lemmler	1000 00
To cash for M. L. Egen, repairing sidewalks	54 85	By paid Treasurer Lemmler	1000 00
	4436 48		4436 48
By paid police duty	796 00	By paid Treasurer Lemmler	1000 00
" " street commissioner and extra labor	1038 88	By paid Treasurer Lemmler	1000 00
By paid material for streets	9 70	By paid Treasurer Lemmler	1000 00
" " printing	139 88	By paid Treasurer Lemmler	1000 00
" " freight and drayage	118 75	By paid Treasurer Lemmler	1000 00
" " feeding prisoners	27 00	By paid Treasurer Lemmler	1000 00
" " auditors, secretary and stationery	10 65	By paid Treasurer Lemmler	1000 00
By paid District Attorney, sheriff and justice	148 89	By paid Treasurer Lemmler	1000 00
By paid hardware and repairs	260 88	By paid Treasurer Lemmler	1000 00
By paid for dumping grounds	74 10	By paid Treasurer Lemmler	1000 00
By paid special elections and engineering	30 00	By paid Treasurer Lemmler	1000 00
By paid 2% commission on above disbursements (3436 24)	475 00	By paid Treasurer Lemmler	1000 00
By paid balance on hand	69 24	By paid Treasurer Lemmler	1000 00
	1242 63	By paid Treasurer Lemmler	1000 00
	4436 48		4436 48

Chas. Lemmler, Treasurer, in account with Borough Bond Fund.

	Dr.		Cr.
To balance on hand as per last audit	104 76	By paid borough bonds, nos. 45, 46 and 50	750 00
To cash from Col. R. C. Gleason 1905 duplicate	21 75	By paid interest on outstanding bonds	195 50
To cash from Col. R. C. Gleason 1906 duplicate	42 11	By paid state tax on bonds for 1907	10 69
To cash from Col. R. C. Gleason 1907 duplicate	864 56	By paid 2% commission on same	18 01
	1133 18	By paid balance on hand	132 97
			1139 18

LIABILITIES.

Bonds outstanding, nos. 47 to 48 and 57 inclusive | 6000 00 | 6000 00

RESOURCES.

Balance duplicate | 1242 63
Balance Treasurer account, bonds | 132 97
Liabilities in excess of resources | 4724 40 | 6100 00

And now, March 14th, 1908, having examined the accounts of R. C. Gleason, Collector, and Chas. Lemmler, Treasurer, we find and report the balances as above stated.

J. A. SWANSON,
C. E. COWLES,
ROY STARK,
Auditors.

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